

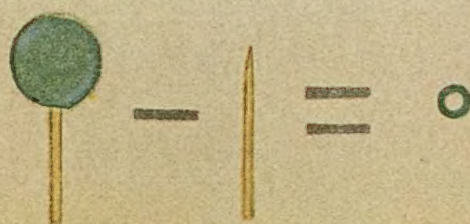
WEEK
ENDING
OCT. 24, 1931

5c

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

LARGEST
SINGLE COPY
SALE
OF ANY
MAGAZINE



GEORGE S. BROOKS ~ ELLA A. BOOLE ~ GEORGE M. COHAN ~ EDWARD DOHERTY ~ LAWSON ROBERTSON



Lightning GETAWAY

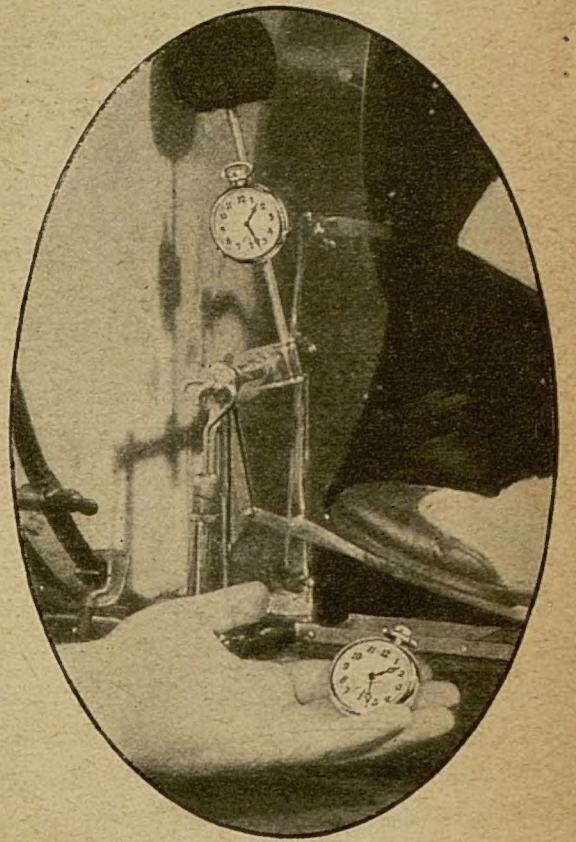
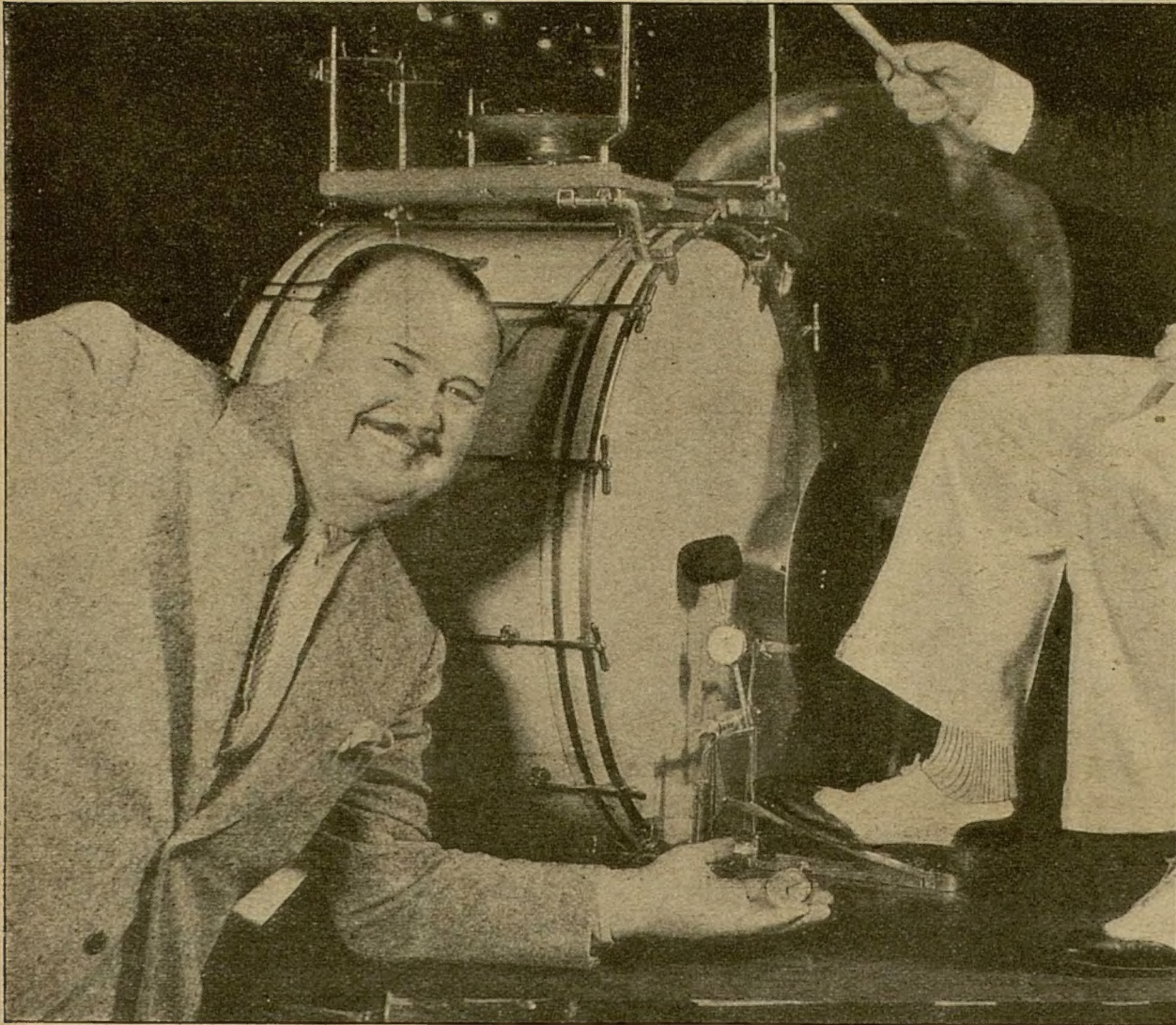
The antelope is the fastest animal on earth. Nature taught him to *control* the power in those perfect legs. But nature was not so kind to gasoline. Inside the engine, it wastes power in uneven explosions that cause harmful knock and overheating. That is why leading oil refiners add Ethyl fluid to their *good* gasoline. It *controls combustion*; delivers power with a smoothly increasing pressure that brings out the best performance of *any* car. Try it! Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, New York City.



The active ingredient used in
Ethyl fluid is lead.

ETHYL GASOLINE

POCKET BEN JOINS PAUL WHITEMAN'S ORCHESTRA



Paul Whiteman finds Pocket Ben on time to the dot—after riding on trigger-arm of bass drum in famous orchestra for more than 10,000 beats!

TAKES 3-HOUR "BEATING" ON BASS DRUM TRIGGER-ARM

Still Keeps Accurate Time

CHICAGO, ILL.—(Special)—Br-r-r-r BANG! And Pocket Ben—clamped to the trigger-arm of the bass drum in Paul Whiteman's orchestra—crashed into the first number of a program of lively tunes. Pocket Ben took a "beating" for a good three hours in this newest stunt—yet again came through ticking away as merrily as the day he was born.

For this thrill, Pocket Ben enlisted Paul Whiteman's aid at the National Broadcasting Company Studio in Chicago. Here, at 10:27 a. m. he was clamped to the trigger-arm of the bass drum.

With a crash of the cymbals and a thundering "boom, boom" from the drum, the orchestra opened its program with "Happy Days Are Here Again." No

mercy was shown Pocket Ben. Each time the hammer thumped the drum, Pocket Ben suffered a sudden, jarring shock.

Three hours later the famous leader brought his program to a close with a medley of popular songs. Members of the orchestra slipped from their places and clustered around the "traps"—only to find Pocket Ben ticking calmly along, and on time to the dot—1:28 p.m. *Even 10,752 jolting drum beats failed to interrupt the faithful timekeeping of Pocket Ben.*

"The shock-proof watch"—that's what he's called! Although handsome enough to carry in the most polite circles, Pocket Ben is equally at home roughing it on the job where a little punishment is just a part of the day's work.



Thinner, smaller, and as faithful and dependable as the day is long. Pocket Ben comes in lustrous nickel, with silvered metal dial, attractive pierced hands, antique bow and crown. Convenient pull-out set. He's fully guaranteed and a member of the famous Westclox family of La Salle, Illinois.

POCKET BEN

Made by the makers of Big Ben

\$1.50

Westclox POCKET WATCHES ALARMS AUTO CLOCKS

OCT. 24,
1931

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 8
No. 43

Editorial and Executive Offices:
Macfadden Building, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Advertising Office: Graybar Building, New York, N. Y.
Branch Offices—Chicago: 333 North Michigan Avenue.
Boston: Little Building. Detroit: Fisher Building.

Published weekly by Liberty Publishing Corporation, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.; Lee Ellmaker, Publisher; Orr J. Elder, President; Harold A. Wise and Carroll Rheinstrom, Vice Presidents; Wesley F. Pape, Secretary; Wm. Maurice Flynn, Executive Editor. Entered as second class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1931, by Liberty Publishing Corporation in the United States and Great Britain. All rights reserved. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions; otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every possible effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by postage); but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed. Five cents a copy. By mail, \$2.50 a year for the United States and possessions, also Cuba, Mexico, and Panama. All other countries, including Canada, \$5.00 per year. No subscriptions less than one year. Allow four weeks for change of address.

Address all communications to 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."
—Abraham Lincoln.

DO WE FAVOR BOOZE?

Many of our friends seem to think that because we have so caustically condemned the Prohibition Law we believe in the flowing bowl, the open saloon, and all the various associated evils.

The writer is a teetotaler. He welcomed the Prohibition Law when it was first announced. "The drinking evil will now be eliminated," was the natural thought at that time, although the policy of using governmental force in this manner was questioned.

Previous to the passing of the Prohibition Law the country was gradually going dry. Drunkenness was everywhere in disfavor. Big Business had definitely put out the drunkard. It recognized the drinking habit as a generally devitalizing, destructive influence. The drinking man was not dependable; the worker who went on a drunk occasionally soon found himself out of a job.

The liquor habit gradually steals away the best there is in human character. It slowly but surely saps the vitality. The statistics of insurance companies clearly indicate that even temperate drinking lessens one's span of life by a few years.

But the principle of forcing people to be good by law is never successful, especially when there is a great difference of opinion on the subject. And more especially, as is the case in this instance, when the liquor can be so easily manufactured in one's own home.

Fruit juice of any kind, if allowed to ferment, be-

comes a beverage with alcoholic content. Almost any food product that is fermented, with the proper amount of water added, will also make an alcoholic drink. And when we simply deny people the privilege of using alcoholic beverages, and make no effort to educate them as to the harmful influence, their defiant attitude should naturally be expected.

Then there are the social activities that accompany drinking. A certain amount of spirituous liquors are usually required on such occasions. The average individual seems to need a stimulant to awaken his social proclivities. The aliveness, the fervor, the spirit of appreciation of association with others seem to be lacking without alcoholic stimulation.

That idea may be a perversion, and we should be thankful that it is not by any means a universal viewpoint.

But booze we have! Unlimited quantities of it!

The one great idea of prohibition was to do away with the saloons, and they were all closed. But we have the speakeasy, which is worse by far than saloons ever were.

Previous to prohibition wine and beer were consumed in large quantities. Now hard liquor is popular—one can get more "kick" into a hip-pocket flask.

Innumerable people have lost their lives through drinking the poisonous dope now sold for liquor, and how anyone with an atom of respect for his stomach can run the risk of using the questionable stuff supplied by bootleggers is beyond intelligent comprehension.

When the human race is truly civilized the liquor question will solve itself. With the proper educational system we will be taught as children the baneful effects of this beverage. But with the young people at present there is a universal curiosity to know something about liquor, and the tendency of the youth of today is to go after that which is forbidden them.

Then, too, this fiery liquid arouses a semblance of hilarity. It often makes one talkative and sociable. One's natural modesty or reserve is removed, and young people thus affected get the idea that they are having a good time. They are making "whoopie," and life momentarily becomes one grand swirl of gayety.

But booze is a gay deceiver. Its true character is brought to light when one awakens in the morning after a drunken brawl.

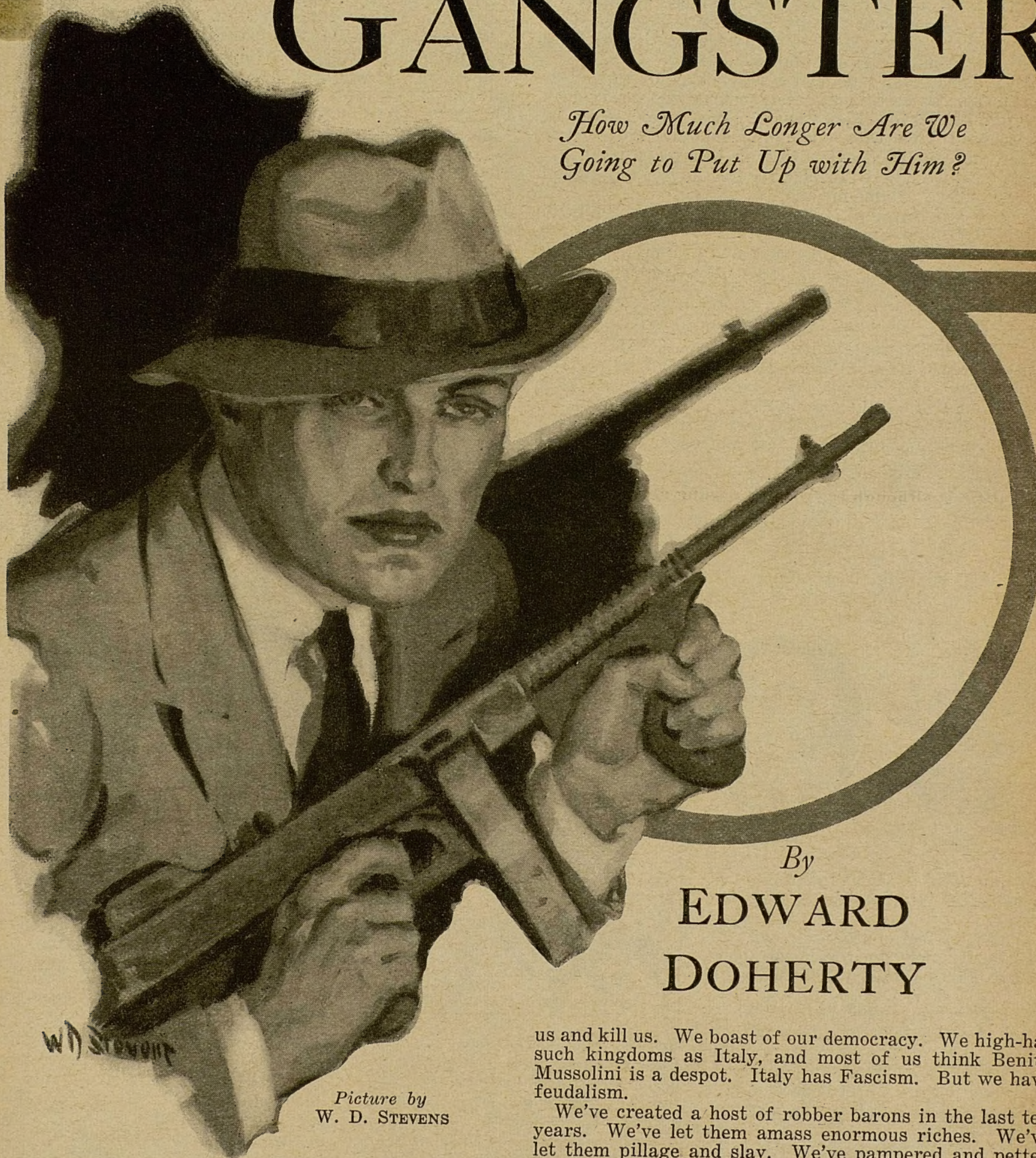
What we need is education and more education as to the baneful effects of tippling—and less prohibition.

IN THIS ISSUE

The Twilight of the Gangster—Part I... EDWARD DOHERTY	5	Dog-Robber—A story..... LOUIS ADAMIC	42
How much longer are we going to put up with him?		Our Chances in the Next Olympics... LAWSON ROBERTSON	48
Try to Keep Up with a Girl—A story..... FERRIN FRASER	10	With some side lights on the games in the past	
Did Prohibition Increase Crime?..... ELLA A. BOOLE	16	Lost Squadron—Part IV..... DICK GRACE	54
No! says the president of the W. C. T. U.		\$5,000 in Prizes in a Jig-Saw Contest.....	59
Four Months of His Life—A story..... GEORGE S. BROOKS	22	To the Ladies!..... PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN	60
Roguery, Sugar, and Sin—Movie reviews		Around the World with the Gypsy Jockey	
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH	30	ROBERT BENCHLEY	61
Dance and Stay Young..... GEORGE M. COHAN	32	Editorial (p. 4); Twenty Questions (29); Civilization's Progress (38); For the Love o' Lil (39); Vox Pop (40-41); Bright Sayings of Children (45); Cross Word Puzzles (46-47)	
The famous comedian tells some secrets of his success		Cover by Leslie Thrasher	
Ample Justification—A short short story... J. FRANK DAVIS	37		

The Twilight of the GANGSTER

*How Much Longer Are We
Going to Put Up with Him?*



By
**EDWARD
DOHERTY**

Picture by
W. D. STEVENS

(Reading time: 19 minutes 25 seconds.)

PART ONE—"THEY ONLY KILL EACH OTHER"

WE, the people of the United States, are a queer lot—perhaps the queerest in the world. We're a sluggish, blind, and lazy lot. We're as paradoxical as an Irish bull. But we have our moments! We call America the Cradle of Liberty, and vote it dry. We boast of our courage, and let criminals run us and rob

us and kill us. We boast of our democracy. We high-ha such kingdoms as Italy, and most of us think Benito Mussolini is a despot. Italy has Fascism. But we have feudalism.

We've created a host of robber barons in the last ten years. We've let them amass enormous riches. We've let them pillage and slay. We've pampered and petted them. We've made them idols. We've cheered Alphonse "Scarface" Capone every time he was acquitted. We've cried "Persecution!" every time he went on trial. We've cheered Jack "Legs" Diamond when he was acquitted of burning the feet of a man he was charged with kidnaping.

We were glad to see these piratical figures get away with it. But we were well fed then. America, a full-stomached America, could laugh at the gunmen and their quaint and picturesque murders, could be

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE TWILIGHT OF THE GANGSTER]

Continued from page five

od-natured about their kidnappings, their rackets. "They're all right," we said. "They're out for the dollar, just as we are. And they keep us from dying of thirst. They only kill each other, anyway." We let them go their ways. We let them establish themselves. We let them become powerful. We let them use our streets for slaughterhouses, let them turn machine guns loose on our busiest thoroughfares.

Innocent people have been killed, wounded, maimed for life—men and women and little children at play. Our rivers and our highways have been used for the dumping of grotesque bullet-riddled bodies.

We jailed women who sold a few bottles of whisky or home brew. Officers have shot down men who were carrying pint bottles of illicit liquor. We have hanged or electrocuted kids who made our feudal heroes their heroes, and who went out with guns to rob or to kill.

But have we hanged or electrocuted any of our feudal bootleg dukes? Name me one.

Scalice and Anselmi, killers imported from Sicily to help Capone and the Genna brothers in Chicago, were convicted of killing two policemen and wounding a third. But what happened? They got a new trial, and were acquitted.

Strange they should come from Sicily? Not at all. Sicily, the home of the Mafia, harbored the deadliest assassins in the world until the "despotic" Mussolini cleared Italy of its criminals. He jailed a lot. He killed a lot. But many of them are over here now—serving feudal liquor lords and getting rich.

Never in the history of the United States has there been such public flouting of law and order as we have permitted in the last ten years.

What other people would permit rival gangs to race recklessly down the streets of its big cities, shooting at each other with machine guns, killing each other, killing children, killing women, killing innocent men?

Hymie Weiss once took a cavalcade of motor cars past a hotel in Cicero, Illinois, a suburb of Chicago, and turned its walls into a huge Swiss cheese. The rest of the world

men or its firemen. Men who were prosperous a few years ago are begging half dollars of their friends.

Hungry men have no benevolent affection for feudal dukes or barons. They see things with new eyes. The gangster kings have felt the depression too, but they were the last to feel it, and they are not suffering much. Men drink most, it seems, when they are desperate.

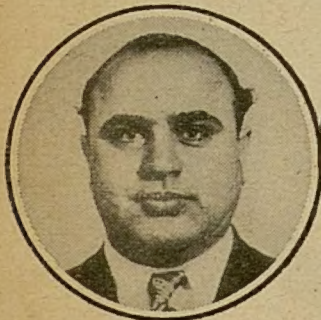
The glamour has been stripped from the gangsters. Even the most stupid of us see them now as they are, yellow louts, red-handed plunderers. We have begun to realize they have waged actual war upon us in this last red decade. Hunger has made us see the truth.

We realize now that they have taken billions of dollars from us. They have not only flooded the country with cut whisky and green beer and new wine, but also with poison. They have charged outrageous prices for it. They have forced business men to pay tribute. They have "muscle in" on groceries, butcher shops, restaurants, hotels, drug stores, factories, industries of all kinds—even miniature golf courses. They have peddled "protection." They have forced little men out of business. They have made big employers cut salaries and throw workmen out of jobs. They have had as much to do with the present depression as the crash in Wall Street had.

THEY have taken over the government in many cities. They have bought thousands of city and state police. They have corrupted judges and city officials. They have bribed members of the coast guard. They have stolen the polls, intimidated and killed honest voters, torn up ballots. They have elected to public office men sworn to protect them—not to protect us. In some districts no candidate can be elected without their aid.

The great white father in Washington has talked of the "noble experiment." Millions of pious people have given thanks to God that America is dry. And our feudal murderers have killed each other. Thousands of them have been dumped into our back yards, and still they have grown in numbers and in power and in wealth. And young America, growing to manhood, is following their example.

Last August two nineteen-year-old boys, carrying a small arsenal with them, held up a pay-roll messenger,



"Scarface" Al Capone



Jack "Legs" Diamond



Acme photos

See the holes in this baby carriage? Bullets made them—bullets from a gang rat's submachine gun—killing the baby, whose little kid cousin stands crying beside the carriage. Such "big shots" as those above at right and left typify are responsible for this kind of happening.



The late "Big Jim" Colosimo



The late Earl "Hymie" Weiss

was appalled. But America was phlegmatic. It was just a gangster gesture.

Weiss, affectionately known as "Little Hymie," lived to boast about that exploit. He lived three weeks.

CAPONE'S machine gunners massacred seven men in a Chicago garage. Two of the murderers were dressed in the uniforms of policemen. America began to be shocked. A joke was a joke, but this was carrying a joke too far.

But what could be done about it? Everybody knew Capone had planned that massacre. But he was immune.

"Well," we said, "somebody will get Capone." And we let it go at that. A well fed, busy, money-making America could forget a massacre and continue to wink at gangsters.

But hungry men know no jokes. And there are many hungry men in the nation today. Factories have been closed. Stores have gone out of business. Municipalities broke. Chicago cannot pay its teachers or its police-

stole over \$4,000 from him, shot the police guard dead, and fled in a taxicab.

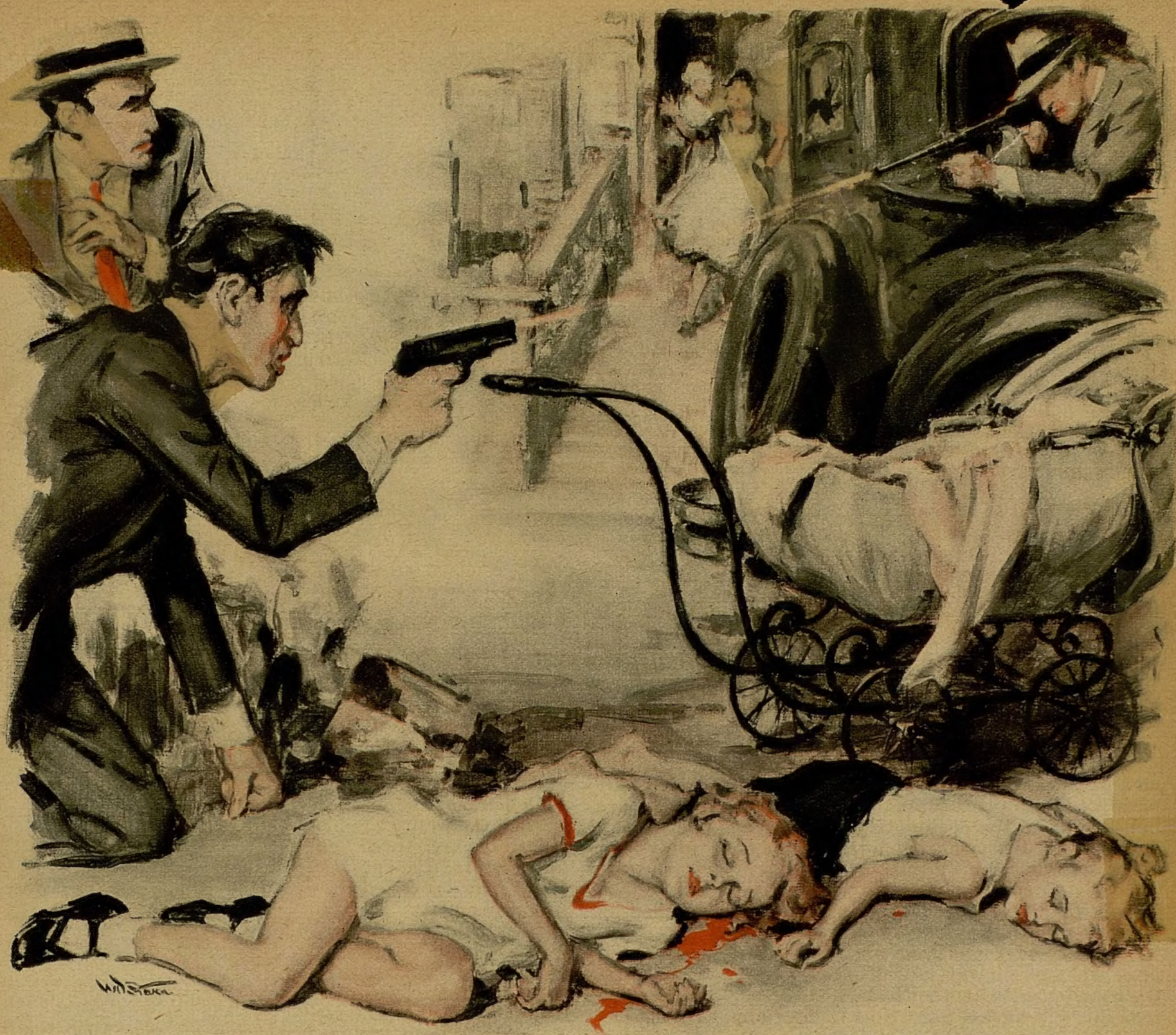
A motorcycle policeman tried to stop them. They killed him too.

And then the new feeling in America showed itself.

Vincent Hyde, a fireman, picked up the motorcycle policeman's pistol and cartridge belt, jumped on the running board of another cab, and gave chase. He fired at the fugitives until he dropped, wounded. Rubin Katz, that taxi's driver, though he had a wound in the throat, never faltered until the fleeing car crashed against a truck. The police showed their heroism too, as they always do in emergencies.

There were cops on the running boards of every car in the pursuit, targets for the bullets of the two kids in the taxicab ahead. Six were killed in that chase, including the bandits, their driver, and a little girl who was sitting with her father and mother in an automobile.

She was the second child killed within a month in the city of New York.



Picture by W. D. Stevens

They only kill each other—and any innocent man or woman or child who gets in their way.

The man who drove the kids who tried to ape their liege lords the gangster kings was Herbert Hasse. He seems to have been a hard-working, decent chap, a typical American citizen. He had a wife, a family. Gunmen probably didn't mean anything to him. Let them alone and they'll let you alone, he might have told you. Or he might have said, "Well, we got to get our booze somewhere, and those guys only kill each other."

The bandits jumped into his car. It might have been yours. Any car will do for a bandit making an escape. They put a gun to Hasse's head and made him speed. He didn't want to, no doubt. But he didn't want to die. His family needed him. Somebody shot Hasse dead.

IF those two boys had been real gangsters, out for some quick money—and gangsters do not hesitate to rob—they would not have killed the policemen intentionally. Gangsters are careful about killing cops—they want cops to protect them. They need police friendship.

But even if they were gangsters they wouldn't have hesitated a moment to kill every *civilian* man, woman, and child who got in their way.

It isn't so long since Vincent Coll's men, hunting an enemy in Manhattan, turned a machine gun loose in a street crowded with children. They riddled a baby buggy, and the slugs tore through the body of a sleeping child and killed him. Four other children were left lying on the sidewalk, unconscious or screaming with pain, before the gun was silenced and the car drove off.

We've stood for plenty, we star-spangled flag-waving Americans. And we've had more than enough.

Commissioner Mulrooney in New York City and Commissioner Alcock in Chicago have declared war on gangsters, real war. Mulrooney has told his men to shoot first, and shoot above the waistline. And he means it.

Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt of New York did his best to send Jack Diamond to jail. He failed. A crowd cheered when Diamond was acquitted. Jack Diamond, "the clay pigeon of gangdom," "the big shot-at," "the much shot," thief and murderer that he is, was cheered as though he were a national hero.

But the federal government doesn't think him a hero. It tried him in New York, and convicted him of conspiring to violate the prohibition law and of owning a still. Judge Richard J. Hopkins of Kansas gave him the limit—four years and a fine of \$11,000—and directed that he be prosecuted under the Jones law.

"Under that law," the judge said, "he might be sentenced to thirty or forty years."

Paul Quattrocchi, one of Diamond's lieutenants, was sentenced with him. Diamond has appealed, and is at liberty pending a hearing on the appeal. But jail seems certain for him—unless somebody saves him with a machine gun.

Capone is going to jail too. He has been indicted by federal grand jury. He is accused of income-tax fraud and of 5,000 specific violations of the prohibition law. Sixty-eight of his vassals are named with him. It is

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE TWILIGHT OF THE GANGSTER]

Continued from page seven

charged that his syndicate's income from beer alone totaled \$75,000 a day.

Government agents declare the syndicate operated all over the Middle West. They believe they have broken the power of the syndicate with this indictment, bankrupted its members, and stripped Capone of all his influence.

Capone had it all fixed, he thought, to make a bargain with the prosecution. He'd plead guilty and spend a few years in a nice jail where he could have every luxury. But Federal Judge James Wilkerson wouldn't bargain with him. Capone withdrew his plea of guilty, and he and his lawyers are talking things over. But, rest assured, Capone is going to jail. Judge Wilkerson sentenced him to thirty days for contempt of court last winter. He hasn't served that term yet. But he will. Unless—as in Diamond's case—some machine gunner catches him first.

THE twilight of the gangs! Capone and Diamond will go to jail. Coll will go to the chair if he's found. "Dutch" Schultz is done as a big shot since his arrest. This despite his acquittal. "Waxy" Gordon, Vannie Higgins, "Bugs" Moran—all the feudal princelings you can mention are wondering what will happen to them.

We've been fools, we Americans. But we've snapped out of our foolishness. We have been cowards. We are cowards no longer.

But have these gangsters been brave and wise?

Look at Jack Diamond. You could play him on a player piano. He's been shot four times. He's half paralyzed. He's half eaten with consumption. There are bullets in him the doctors are afraid to take out. He's had money. He hasn't much left. He's only thirty-four—and speeding to his doom.

Look at Capone, who is reputed to have had \$60,000,000. He's in fear of his life every moment. He's guarded by a hundred men constantly. He rides in an armored car. His guards surround him when he's at a theater, or a prize fight, or in any crowd. He wakes up every little while and goes to another bed—he has many beds—so an assassin will have a hard time finding him. He doesn't trust any of his guards. He dares not. He once trusted Anselmi and Scalice.

He was told that Anselmi and Scalice had ambitions. They wanted to be rid of him and join forces with Joe Giunta, whom Capone had made head of the Unione Siciliano.

Capone sent two men to test Anselmi. They found Anselmi ready to betray his king. They agreed to help him.

"Don't use your gun," one of them said. "That can be identified. I'll get you one. Wait here." He went into another room, shook the cartridges out of his revolver, removed the bullets, and put the empty shells back into the chambers.

Anselmi went upstairs, the gun in his hand. He went into Capone's office. Capone stood with his back to Anselmi. Anselmi fired twice. The pin clicked on two empty shells. Anselmi turned pale and put the gun away.

Capone turned. He appeared to have noticed nothing. He greeted Anselmi with a beaming smile. He shook hands with Anselmi. He embraced him.

"I am giving a big dinner tonight for you and Scalice and Giunta," he said. "I'll have all the rest of the boys there, but you three will be guests of honor."

The banquet was held in a roadhouse south of Chicago. All the guests were searched and frisked as they came in.

Scalice, Anselmi, and Giunta ate heartily and drank well. Perhaps they knew what was to happen. If they didn't, they were fools.

Capone got up at last and drank a toast to them, and made them stand in the middle of the floor. Then two men who had proved their loyalty to the king drew guns



WE'VE stood for plenty of this, we star-spangled flag-waving Americans. And we've had more than enough.

and told the guests of honor to line up against the wall.

"Here are three fine traitors," Capone said. He revealed their treachery. He reviled them in bitter words. Then he advanced slowly toward them, holding a baseball bat in his hands.

He clubbed each one to death, and his men filled their bodies full of bullet holes.

"That's how we punish traitors," said Capone. "Throw them in some ditch in Indiana."

Capone may still have \$60,000,000, but his life is one great nightmare of fear—the fear of being killed.

Do you call that courage?

The most cowardly rats in the world are men who live by the gun, men like Capone, Diamond, Schultz.

CAPONE fled from Brooklyn to Chicago years ago, to escape arrest. He lay low for a long time in the Chicago underworld. He was known as Al Brown. Johnny Torrio, who had known him in New York, taught him the art of murder. "Big Jim" Colosimo, the boss of the underworld, used him as a messenger boy, cursed and kicked him.

Big Jim put away his wife and took unto himself a beautiful young songstress, Dale Winter.

Big Jim was told that a load of booze would be delivered to him one afternoon, and he was to pay for it with cash. He had the money on him when he was killed. The killer got it. Johnny Torrio took over Colosimo's kingdom, and added to it joints all around Chicago.

Johnny Torrio and Al Capone had Dion O'Banion killed. Two men shook hands with him in his flower shop across from the Holy Name Cathedral; and while they held his hands, a third man pumped him full of lead.

George "Bugs" Moran, one of O'Banion's most fanatic friends, shot Torrio in the neck, and sent him screaming to a hospital. He was never any good to the racket after that. And Capone was king in his place.

One of the first things Capone did was to guard his

person well. He brought in bandits who had fled the wrath of Mussolini, Mafiosi from Sicily, Camorristas from Neapolitan streets and alleys.

But, though they guarded him well, he was still afraid. He was afraid of Bugs Moran. He was afraid of the crazy Earl Hymie Weiss, of "Polack" Joe Saltis, of the red-faced McErlane. He was afraid of the O'Donnells.

He had good reason to fear Hymie Weiss, for that desperado had declared war on Capone "and all them grease balls," and he had bought a lot of machine guns. Weiss was the first of the bootleggers to use that weapon.

Every so often he went looking for Capone—but Capone had made himself hard to find. Hymie had neither guile nor imagination. He took a long time to make up his mind. But once he had made his plan—and it was usually the craziest he could think of—he executed it at once.

Capone had grown up to learn about forks and caviar and opera. Society women raved about the wistfulness of his voice. Weiss had remained a roughneck.

Capone kept himself in Cicero or in Florida. Weiss ruled the Chicago Loop, and made his headquarters over Dion O'Banion's flower shop across from the cathedral.



Picture by W. D. STEVENS

Capone tendered the olive branch to his enemies. They talked peace terms in a downtown restaurant. Weiss got very drunk—but when he sobered he doubted that Capone wanted peace, and determined to give him hell.

He learned that the Genna brothers, allies of Capone, were having him followed—him and all the other enemies of Capone. Chicago was full of Gennas, it seemed to Weiss. They were alky cooks. They employed hundreds of their countrymen to cook alky and sold it to Capone. They were rich—and getting powerful. Several high public officials attended one of their banquets.

WEISS put a police gong on one of his autos and went out hunting Gennas. He got Angelo first. And later he bagged Anthony. A cop got Mike—wounded him fatally after he and Anselmi and Scalice had killed two detectives. Jim Genna wasn't tricked by the sound of the gong into thinking Weiss was only a cop. He beat it back to Sicily. The other Gennas stayed in their homes until they could safely sneak to some spot far from Chicago.

There were more than 15,000 alky-cooking places in Chicago at the time. The Gennas owned all those on the North Side. They made millions of dollars selling this stuff—the basis of gin and whiskies. They used to "kick in" about \$6,000 or \$7,000 a month to be "let alone."

"They only kill each other." The Gennas had bagged their fill—especially when they were collecting for the defense fund for their friends and found men unreasonable enough to refuse them money.

Angelo, who was the head of the Unione Siciliano—ostensibly a patriotic American-Italian society, but actually a union of alky cooks, bootleggers, and killers—had slain many men before he came to power. Weiss got him

shortly after he married, killed him when he was rich and happy and respected and feared.

Weiss was one of the first to organize murder on wheels—steal a car, fill it full of trigger men, and go cruising around until an enemy was sighted, then "give him the bang" and tear through the streets to safety.

He got Angelo that way. Angelo was in his own powerful new car. Weiss' machine came up from behind. The guns roared. Angelo stepped on the gas and the car tore through Chicago's streets like a scared rabbit. Weiss' car followed like a greyhound. Angelo tried to turn a corner quickly. His car skidded into a lamp-post—and the machine guns laughed as he screamed for mercy.

Weiss had to use treachery on Anthony. Anthony wouldn't go out of his house for anyone save his very good friend Antonio Spano—whom the Gennas had imported from their native town, Marsala, Sicily. Spano was known as "the Cavalier."

Weiss found the Cavalier and held a gun to his head, and bade him telephone Anthony and put him on the spot.

"Talk all the spiggoty you want," he advised the Cavalier. "The guy with me is a wop. Talk wop to him, Luigi. Luigi will understand everything you say."

Anthony Genna met Antonio Spano on the corner Weiss had designated. He greeted him effusively. Spano held his hands tightly, as a friend should. And Weiss fired.

A Genna died as an O'Banion had died.

FOR the only time in his life Hymie Weiss had carried out a murder touched with a little imagination. It couldn't have been his own idea.

Anthony was shot in the back. He lived just long enough to breathe the name of his betrayer, the Cavalier.

Hymie was satisfied for a time. He would get Capone, but he'd have to wait. Meantime he had to help his fellow Pole, Joe Saltis. Saltis and Lefty Koncil were on trial for the murder of "Mitters" Foley.

Hymie attended every session of the trial. He put everything he had into the task of saving Joe—and so forgot to be careful.

He had no idea that six Sicilian machine gunners were waiting patiently for him to walk before their guns. They had spent days waiting. There was a machine-gun nest across from the cathedral—with three men working in eight-hour shifts. There was another nest on the corner.

Those six gunners must have heard the ringing of vesper bells, the resonant sound of the organ, the voices of the choir, the chorus of the pious repeating the words of litanies. Perhaps they even joined in the chant at times, since there was nothing better to do.

Weiss left court with his bodyguard, Pat Murray, and picked up Attorney W. W. O'Brien and his investigator, Ben Jacobs. Sam Peller drove the car. They parked the machine at the corner of the cathedral shortly after three P. M.; and the gun in the nest across the street immediately came to life. Weiss and Murray dropped dead. The other three were wounded. More than fifty slugs are still in the corner stone of the church.

What did it profit Earl Hymie Weiss to be a bootleg king with power of life and death? There was a certain glamour about him because of his loyalty to the memory of his friend O'Banion. But was it brave to kill Angelo Genna when he was helpless? Was it brave to shoot Anthony Genna in the back while a traitor held his hands? Was it brave to take a small army of armored cars into Cicero and shoot up Capone's hotel? He had glamour, but he was a coward and a fool.

Incidentally, he wounded a woman during that silly one-sided battle in Cicero. He wouldn't have cared if he had killed her and a dozen others. She was in the path of his machine-gun bullets. It was just too bad. That was all. She had no business walking the street when a gangster king was out for a bit of murder.

They only kill each other—and any innocent man or woman or child who gets in their way.

How quickly "big shots" of racketeering pay the price of their bigness; how short are the paths of gangster glory that lead to a "ride" and a "drink"—meaning death—Mr. Doherty's account of them will demonstrate in next week's Liberty.

TRY to Keep Up

A Story in Which a Prospective Bridegroom Takes the Count

(Reading time: 22 minutes 55 seconds.)

MAJOR CRESPIN sat alone on the Country Club terrace, a palm-leaf fan in one hand, an iced lemonade in the other, a conspicuously new golf bag between his legs. Even in plus fours and a Norfolk jacket he made a gallant picture—a little heavy perhaps, a trifle sedentary, but unmistakably military, from shiny golf shoes to the graying hair that swirled in a dignified wave across his forehead. A dashing figure, the major—"Beau" Crespin they had called him at the Point and during the Roosevelt administration, when he was the most eligible bachelor in Washington—and he still could pick an ankle or an eyebrow with discrimination.

But there was little dash left in the major this July afternoon as his eyes wandered out across the scorched links, climbed the hill to the third hole, descended the rocks to number four, moved on across the gully and up the slope to the fifth sun-baked green. There were eighteen holes in all. The major sighed and sipped his lemonade thoughtfully.

With a shudder he surveyed the blinding glare of the tennis court. The bright base lines and the squares of the white net still made him slightly dizzy. He had spent a horrible morning on that tennis court, balls whizzing provokingly out of reach of his racket, balls bounding maddeningly away as he pursued them. His legs and back were beginning to stiffen from that ordeal, one of his heels was slightly blistered, and his right arm ached.

Through the open window behind, the major could hear Polly laughing with the Merriams. He turned, squinted through the curtains, and saw her balancing on one adorable foot, a mashie lightly poised in her hands. The major sighed again. The sporting life was almost worth it! But why in the name of Black Jack Pershing, he asked himself, did they put a tennis court in the broiling sun and lay out a golf course on a couple of mountains? It reminded him of that ground near San Juan he had campaigned over with the Roughriders in '98.

And the really disgusting part was that for six weeks he, who understood to a degree the trajectories of falling shells, had vainly tried to grasp from the club pros just why *his* tennis balls always swished into the net and *his* golf balls invariably sliced into the rough.

Presently he heard Polly coming, and gulped his lemonade, chewing a bit of the ice. It was the last ice he would see for 6,978 yards—roughly four miles. She looked ridiculously lovely and young in flannel that came just to her knees, yellow hair that curled just at her ears, and the major thrilled as she laughed gayly and gave him her hand.

"Sorry to be late, Beau," she said. "No end sorry. Forgive me?"

"Nothing to forgive!" said the major, radiating down from six feet three inches of dignified height, and holding her hand just the fraction of a second extra which was his right.

Behind Polly he saw the Merriams, and behind the Merriams a white-faced, slim-waisted, long-haired young man whom Polly introduced as Mr. Barrie. "He writes poetry, you know," she added.

The "you know" implied that the major surely *must*



Polly looked ridiculously lovely and you

With a GIRL

By

FERRIN FRASER

Pictures by GEORGIA WARREN



have read Mr. Barrie's poetry. Unfortunately the major's reading consisted entirely of various treatises on artillery fire and the comparative value of railway and naval guns. But, even without the handicap of being a poet, the major decided he wouldn't like this particular young man. The fellow had a cynical mouth, dark, rather hollow eyes, and an indoor look. However, his first speech was a surprise.

"You don't remember me, of course, Major Crespin," he said. "But I was with you in the Argonne."

The major racked his brain for a Captain Barrie—at least a lieutenant—and succeeded in looking blank.

"Buck private, of course, sir."

The major laughed.

"It was you buck privates who won the war," he said good-naturedly.

"But you majors who got the decorations, sir. Was it eleven or twelve, including the Montenegrin Cross, they gave you, sir?"

"Twelve," said Polly proudly.

"But that doesn't include the Spanish War, does it?"

"It does," snapped the major.

"And the Boxer Rebellion?"

THE major shifted uncomfortably and wagged his palm leaf before he remembered Polly was there. Why did the young idiot have to go so far back in history? He was only fifty-six; his friends told him he didn't look a day over forty-five; as a matter of fact, he didn't feel over thirty—and this young whippersnapper was putting him in the dotage class! He glanced at Polly and was relieved. She looked as though she had never heard of the Boxer Rebellion. Twenty-four? Certainly not! She hadn't been born at the time.

The major tossed the fan on a table as if it had got into his hand by accident, and smiled the "Beau" smile. But as his eyes wandered out over the scorched links he wilted slightly. Those hills looked positively impregnable. He would have hesitated before sending a regiment over, much less go over himself.

"Shall we start?" said Polly briskly.

The major shifted his golf bag to his left hand.

"I wonder," he said magnanimously, "if Mr. Barrie wouldn't like to complete the foursome in my place?"

It hurt him to say it—he didn't want a poet around Polly—but he reasoned that anyone as disagreeable as Barrie looked and talked was certain to prove harmless.

"That's awfully kind of you, sir," said Barrie. "But—"

"Come, come! Of course you would."

"No, really—sir—"

Why did the idiot have to call him "sir" all the time? It made him seem positively venerable.

"I won't take no!" He felt like planting one of his well turned golf shoes where Mr. Barrie sat when he wrote his poetry. "Besides, I—er—twisted my ankle this morning and— Here, take my clubs."

He passed them over, a good-humored mask on his bronzed face, and was rewarded by Polly's hand on his arm.

"You sweet old Beau! Always self-sacrificing, aren't you? I wonder if that's why I love you so much."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

n flannel that came just to her knees.

[TRY TO KEEP UP WITH A GIRL]
Continued from page eleven

He covered her hand with a moist one and showed his excellent white teeth.

"Don't forget you're taking me to the Longstreet dance tonight, Beau."

"Rather!"

He watched them out into the sun, sighed a deep sigh, and dropped comfortably into a chair, reaching for the fan. He saw Barrie tee Polly's ball and watched the lithe, beautiful swing of her young body. Her brisk laugh drifted back across the baked grass and he heard Barrie cry, "A beauty!" A second later Barrie drove his own ball far and wide down the fairway. The major snorted disdainfully. "If I were *his* age," he thought; "but, damme, I am young! I don't *feel* old."

But he was dozing peacefully in the chair when Colonel Tommy Culliver limped across the terrace. Culliver paused, stared, and swooped down, crying:

"If it ain't the old war horse himself! What in the name of a bloody bayonet are *you* doing on a golf course?"

The major, startled, dropped the fan. He had been on the edge of the parapet at San Juan Hill, and the fan had been a saber with which he was about to decapitate an ugly-looking Spaniard who for some reason or other resembled a poet named Barrie. He felt as if Culliver, in awakening him from his dream, had cheated him of a rare pleasure.

"Hello, Culliver," he grunted.

But he shook hands warmly. He and Culliver had been through two campaigns together and understood each other perfectly. Various post cards had kept the major informed of the progress of Culliver's recent African hunting expedition.

"You're just the old dog I wanted to see, major," Culliver said enthusiastically. "Been lookin' for you, in fact. Arch Roylance and I are goin' on a fishin' trip. Not much fishin', you understand. Goin' to Canada for a rest, really, and to get cool. Just sit around—maybe drink a little ale—and talk old times. We want you to come along."

The major shook his head, grinning.

"I can't, Tommy. If you weren't out of the world so much you'd know that I am going to be married."

Culliver regarded him for a moment, round-eyed.

"You're jokin'?"

"I am not," declared the major. "I am the happiest man alive, Tommy. I have been a bachelor long enough. I want to settle down—you know, a home and a wife and children—and all that."

CULLIVER nodded doubtfully.

"You old dog you!"

The major wished Tommy wouldn't call him old this and old that. Of course it was merely a term of endearment, but nevertheless he felt it was bad psychology.

"Who's the lucky woman?" Culliver asked.

"I don't believe you know her. Her name is Polly Flinchbaugh."

"Polly Flinchbaugh!" exclaimed Culliver.

"But I say, old man, she's happily married now. Why, I remember back in Washington in nineteen six—or was it five?—I—"

"Her mother's name is also Polly," said the major stiffly.

Culliver not only appeared incredulous—he looked shocked.

"But I say, old man—really—Polly Flinchbaugh's daughter is—er—"

"So I can't go fishing with you," finished the major.

"Congratulations, and all that," said Culliver, pulling uncertainly at his mustache. "I—er—excuse me, will you?" he stammered. "There's a man I want to see."

Colonel Culliver limped quickly across the terrace and disappeared into the clubhouse. The major frowned after him ferociously. He'd show them—every last one of them! Thought he was old, did they? He didn't feel a day over twenty-five—well, thirty-five maybe. He was

still as fit as in the old West Point days in '96. And he could smack a golf ball just as far as that young Barrie—if he wanted to. But he didn't like golf. No point to it. If they'd play it on a flat field there might be some sense to the game. And so long as Polly loved him and he loved Polly, what difference did it make if he was thirty-two—no, by Jove!—thirty-one and a half—years older than she?

Angered, and more hurt than he was willing to admit, Major Crespin rose majestically from his chair, conscious that the girls at the end of the terrace were watching him. The dignity of the effect was slightly marred by the growing stiffness in his back and legs from the tennis match. The blister on his heel cramped his military stride, but he achieved an exit with honor. He was surprised, on reaching his rooms at the Army and Navy Club, to find the palm-leaf fan still clasped tightly in his hand.

THE major dressed that evening with particular care and attention. He wasn't—hadn't been—called "Beau" Crespin for nothing. He was still the Beau! As he considered his bronzed reflection in the full-length mirror he told himself if there were a few gray hairs at his temples it was because he had lived, not because he was old. And look at that figure! Supple as a gazelle! If he had been as fat as Culliver, now—and Culliver was two years younger!

The blister on his heel presented a problem until some cotton and adhesive temporarily solved it. A hot bath eased the ache in his limbs, and a three-inch collar, though irking his neck, gave him the desired dashing appearance.

He adjusted the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor in his lapel and patted it with a fond hand. It was that ribbon which had first attracted Polly. Three months before, at the Army Ball, just after his return from the Philippines, Mrs. Flinchbaugh had introduced him to her daughter. During their first dance Polly had asked the ribbon's history, all the while looking up at him with round, bright little eyes. He had expanded and elaborated, and six weeks later had asked her to make him the happiest of men. She had responded with a vehemence which rather shocked him—deliciously, of course—and from that moment the major entered the sporting life.

He was surprised to find that life had so entirely changed since his lieutenant days in Washington. A moonlight carriage ride along the Potomac or to Arlington, a diplomatic ball or a conversational tea had in those days been an event. Now it appeared that one must tennis, golf, and swim, be comparatively expert at contract bridge, drive a motor sixty miles an hour, and drink innumerable potent inventions called "side-cars" instead of natural whisky and soda. But he comforted himself with the thought that once he and Polly were actually married they would settle down to a quiet life, with Polly bringing his slippers and tea and sitting beside him before the hearth, his swords crossed over the mantel, and the stories of his campaigns on his lips.

It was a stifling evening—a ridiculous night for a dance, he thought, as he left the club. Already his collar was a bit wilted and his gloves damp. But his spirits rose when Polly met him in her foyer, radiant in white,

her hair curled delectably over her ears, and a kiss for his cheek. Her mother was also there, and his spirit dropped a bit. He had grown to detest Polly's mother. She always insisted upon recalling the "old days" when T. R. was making history and poor dear Nick Longworth first came to Washington.

But the final and most severe blow came when Polly said: "It was frightfully sweet of you to let Arthur play in your place this afternoon, Beau dear."

"Arthur?" said the major.

"Arthur Barrie. I knew you must have liked him, so I thought you wouldn't mind if I asked him to go with us tonight."



FERRIN FRASER

who, at twenty-seven, has published three novels and a book of poems. He has also written a number of short stories for leading magazines, of which this is his first in *Liberty*. He is a graduate of Columbia University and lives in Albion, New York.

"Certainly not," said the major.

But he did mind—intensely. He wanted Polly exclusively to himself; furthermore, he thoroughly hated Barrie, his face, his form, his figure—and his dribbling "sirs." Still, as Barrie came through the door and he was forced to shake hands with him, he realized that his own charm was enhanced. The younger man's shoulders were stooped in a most unmilitary fashion—from writing poetry, probably; his face was round and above a low collar looked ridiculously boyish; the cut of his clothes was atrocious. By contrast the major realized that he was magnificent.

He would have been almost entirely happy had the evening been cooler and had not the cotton worked loose from his heel. The breeze which drifted through the open windows of the ballroom was suggestive of the Philippines. But in the Philippines, where life was normal and civilized, one would sit in the cool of a matted porch and sip iced drinks. After two dances the major was wilted in person and spirit.

"ISN'T it delicious!" Polly cried from his arms, her young face upturned to his. "I could go on dancing forever with you, Beau!"

The major smiled his most fascinating smile.

"Rather!" he managed. "But I say, Polly, aren't we rather neglecting young Barrie? After all—"

"I told him," said Polly firmly, "I was going to have the first three with you."

"But—really—" The major mopped his steaming face and hastily replaced his handkerchief. "He looks so lonesome there by the doorway. I think we had better go over."

They joined Barrie just as the orchestra began the next dance. Polly, with a little smile for the younger man, turned to the major.

"Come on, Beau!"

But the major held back. He smiled down good-humoredly, very straight, very handsome, and said magnanimously:

"You have this dance, Barrie."

"No, really, sir. Miss Flinchbaugh has been good enough to promise me the next—"

"But I insist."

"No, sir. I—"

Why in the name of heaven couldn't the young fool drop the "sir"? The major patted him patronizingly on the shoulder with a burning hand and gave him a slight push.

"Off you go!"

Polly flashed him a smile. As she drifted away in Barrie's arms he heard her say:

"Beau is always sweet like that. So thoughtful of others, so considerate and self-sacrificing. . . ."

The major marched off in search of a drink—anything with ice in it. Self-sacrificing, eh? For Barrie? Ha! He wished he'd known Barrie had been in the Argonne. He'd have sent him to capture a dozen machine guns! What rot this dancing with the thermometer at eighty!

If they would only play a waltz once in a while—one of those slow, dreamy ones—Endearing Young Charms,

Blue Danube—instead of these racy varsity drags and what nots!

It was cooler in the garden, and the major dropped on a bench. He closed his eyes and let the breeze fan his face. He contemplated marriage with Polly—delicious! But as she passed by the window, swaying in intricate rhythm, he wondered. Just what would marriage with Polly mean?

She dearly loved her present mode of life; of course he

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



"ISN'T it delicious!" Polly cried from his arms. "I could go on dancing forever with you, Beau!"

[TRY TO KEEP UP WITH A GIRL]
Continued from page thirteen

loved it too—wasn't he "Beau" Crespino—even though at times it did seem futile and—well, a bit tiring. But suppose—the thought came as rather a shock—suppose Polly, after they were married, refused to give it up?

Suppose a life before his mantel and an entertainment of war tales shouldn't be sufficient? The major shivered slightly—the first shiver of the day.

He was staring thoughtfully off across the dark when Colonel Tommy Culliver limped toward him, his hand extended.

"I say, old horse," Culliver said warmly, "I'm no end sorry about this afternoon—breakin' the way I did. But you took me by surprise, you know. If I'd thought a minute, I'd known a gay old dog like you would pick the handsomest child—er—girl—and all that sort of thing. You have my deepest congratulations."

"Thanks," said the major.

"I hope you'll be frightfully happy and all."

The major thought he detected a note of doubt.

"I shall be," he said firmly.

"Of course. Cigar?"

Culliver held a match and the blue smoke drifted up into the moonlight. No one could pick cigars the way Tommy could.

"Somehow the old fishin' trip won't seem natural without you," Culliver said after a moment. "Arch Roylance was sayin' tonight, 'Tommy, it's going to be lonesome up there without the old Beau. He always has so many damn' fine yarns to spin that we're goin' to miss him more than a battery of seventy-fives.'"

The major looked lingeringly toward the moon and sighed. "You'll get along," he said.

"Remember the last time when you caught the biggest musky and—"

"That was a grand bass I got," ruminated the major.

"Rather! And remember Arch, after his eighth bottle of ale—"

"—when he jumped in the lake with his clothes on—"

"—and nearly froze to death—"

"—and we had to feed him a pint of whisky so he wouldn't get pneumonia!" finished the major. "Those were the days!"

When Culliver had gone the major sat for a time recalling pleasant and unforgettable memories of his bachelorhood. Presently two figures appeared in the half dusk and he rose gallantly, though with an effort.

"Oh, there you are, Beau!" came Polly's voice. "Arthur and I have been looking everywhere for you. This is your dance."

THE major stepped gamely forward, but his heel was unequal to the occasion.

"Why, Beau dear, you're limping!"

"It's an old wound," said the major. "It sometimes pains me on warm nights."

"I am so sorry!"

"It's quite all right," said the major. "But—er—perhaps I hadn't better dance. I say, Barrie, you dance with Polly, will you?"

"That's awfully kind of you, sir—"

"We'll sit it out, Beau dear," Polly said gently.

"My dear Polly," he smiled, "I wouldn't for the world deprive you of your pleasure. Besides, these wounds—er—sometimes a complete rest—I— See here. Suppose I run along and you stay. Barrie, you'll take care of Polly, won't you, old chap?"

That "old chap" hurt, but he got it out—and smiled, too. He felt if Barrie said "sir" once more he would have a stroke.

"That's most kind of you, sir," said Barrie.

"Grrrrrr!" mumbled the major.

"I beg your pardon?"

"Splendid," said the major. "I shall see you tomorrow, Polly. Have a good time." He bent forward and kissed her cheek. She pressed his hand and smiled at him with bright eyes.

"You dear, sweet Beau! Always thinking of me, aren't you?"

"Always," said the major gallantly, and limped off into the dark, his heel throbbing, his handkerchief caressing a damp brow.

For two more weeks Major Crespino struggled bravely on with a campaign that made his Cuban one pale into child's play. A cavalry charge over rock gullies in the face of artillery fire was but a casual lope when compared with a morning of tennis, an afternoon of golf, a tea, a cocktail party, a dinner, a dance, a supper, and a blood-curdling moonlight ride at sixty over the Virginia hills all crammed into a day—every day.

AT the end of those weeks the major made the supreme gesture of his life. He made it grandly, as he made all gestures, and he made it characteristically.

He was waiting for Polly in her library, the insufferable Barrie in a chair across the reading table—"I knew you wouldn't mind, Beau, if Arthur came along tonight; you seem to like him so"—and he was thinking uncomplimentary things about Barrie and wondering if tomorrow would be as hot as today.

Presently he became aware of a picture over the Flinchbaugh mantel he had never appreciated before. It was a forest scene, pleasantly sun-splashed and green, with a trout brook sliding silently between the shade of the trees. It was a most

cool-looking and appealing picture. The major studied its brushwork for some time.

His legs were crossed, and his right hand unconsciously caressed his left heel. It was a very painful heel. A morning of tennis had aggravated it, and it shrank apprehensively before the promise of another such morning tomorrow.

Quite suddenly the major spoke:

"I say, Barrie, you like Polly a great deal, don't you?"

Barrie started almost violently and regarded him with wide eyes.

The major was equally surprised. He hadn't intended to say that—not just that—but somehow it had popped out.

"Why—er—yes, sir, I do."

The major lighted a cigar very quietly and laid the match in an ash tray on the table. He watched a smoke ring dissolve toward the ceiling before he spoke again. Through narrowed eyes he examined Barrie's pale face, the way his hair curled down over the high forehead, the slim hands resting on the chair arms. He wondered why he hated the fellow so.

"I suspect," he said sharply, "that Polly likes you a great deal, too."

Barrie slid very suddenly to the edge of his chair. He looked as though if the major moved he would leap for the nearest window.

Being the third leg on a triangle was all very well if you had arrived first on the ground; but when you were poaching on property claimed by a man of Major Crespino's size and record—!

The major smiled with cold eyes as he imagined Barrie's thoughts.

"See here," he said almost cheerfully. "Why don't you marry Polly?"

For a moment he feared Barrie had swallowed his tongue.

"I—I—I beg your pardon, sir?" the fellow stammered. Damn his "sirs"!

"You heard me," said the major gruffly. "You love



Polly, and I am convinced that she loves you. She is too fine a woman to retract a promise, but, if I may say so, I am too—er—I may as well be frank—too fine a man to hold her to one. So I suggest, young man, that I retreat while you hold the sector you have gained."

It is doubtful if Barrie could have answered. As it happened, he did not have to. Polly came into the room, her eyes dull with tears, her lips trembling.

For a moment the major had the same feeling as when a seventy-five shell had exploded in the dugout with him at Ypres.

Polly had been in the doorway! Polly had heard him throw her over—practically *beg* Barrie to take her!

But instead of the flood of anger her tearful eyes and trembling lips threatened, she said very gently:

"Beau, that was the finest speech I ever heard!"

She put her hands in his and looked at him with adoring eyes.

"You are the noblest man I ever knew!" she said.

THE major cleared his throat. For a moment he had the horrible thought she was about to refuse his offer.

The next moment he felt almost equally bad because she accepted it so quickly.

"It was so understanding of you," she said. "Of course I never in the world would have spoken. But so long as you know how I feel toward Arthur, and have been so generous and self-sacrificing—"

The major held up a deprecatory hand.

"Now, Polly—" he began.

"You *are*, Beau. You are the most generous man in the world."

The major was suddenly conscious that he presented a rather splendid appearance.

The rôle of the disappointed lover, though it hurt his vanity, appealed to his sense of romance. No, they hadn't called him "Beau" Crespin for nothing!

He drew himself to his full height—the better to dwarf Barrie—and smiled gently at Polly as he kissed her hand.

"I hope, Polly," he said gallantly, "you will always be very happy."

"Thank you, Beau dear."

"And I, sir," said Barrie quickly. "I thank you too, sir."

The major stalked quickly—too quickly for dignity—from the room. He realized that if he was to remain the "noblest man" Polly ever knew he could not make Barrie eat one of those "sirs."

Fifteen minutes later Major Crespin was calling Colonel Tommy Culliver on the telephone from the Army and Navy Club.

"I say, Tommy—yes, yes, it's Beau Crespin speaking—I've decided to go fishing with you—What? Damme! Don't call me an 'old horse'!"

THE END

Now! Her Teeth are 3 Shades Whiter



Utterly Impossible with Ordinary Brushing

Now—you can have gleaming white teeth in just a few days. Science has discovered the way to remove ugly yellow and stain—whiten teeth 3 shades in 3 days! It is called the Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique. Try it—use a half-inch of this scientific dental cream on a dry brush twice a day. You'll see a marked change overnight.

When Kolynos enters the mouth it instantly becomes a refreshing FOAM. This FOAM does the work. First it removes yellow and stain and destroys the millions of mouth-germs—190 million in 15 seconds—

that cause most tooth and gum troubles. It stimulates the gums and purifies the mouth. Then it CLEANS TEETH RIGHT DOWN TO THE BEAUTIFUL, NATURAL WHITE ENAMEL WITHOUT INJURY. No ordinary brushing can make teeth so white. No mouthwash can give the mouth a cleaner taste.

Why have dull, yellow teeth? Clean them sparkling white and keep them sound and free from decay this way. Start using the

Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique. Results overnight. Buy a large tube of Kolynos.

KOLYNOS

the antiseptic

DENTAL CREAM

Did Prohibition Increase Crime?

NO!

Says ELLA A. BOOLE

(Reading time: 22 min. 10 sec.)

EDITOR'S NOTE: Liberty believes in stating both sides of every question. Repeatedly in editorials we have urged the modification of sumptuary laws. None the less, we present this week the dry side of the prohibition question as set forth by one of its foremost spokesmen, Mrs. Ella A. Boole. Next week we shall publish a reply to Mrs. Boole by Jay Franklin, who contributed *Are Americans Fools?* to a recent issue, and some additional comment by Heywood Broun.

THE editor of Liberty has asked me if I do not think that something ought to be done about prohibition.

I do.

For one thing, I think its merits should be placed more clearly before the American people, especially those living in the larger cities. They have been fed for years on wet propaganda which has almost smothered the truth.

I am asked if I do not think the prohibition laws should be modified, and my answer is that, while present laws generally seem fairly satisfactory, doubtless helpful changes could be made here and there; but that any changes made in the laws should be for the purpose of strengthening enforcement, not of weakening it, and to aid government agencies, not to hamper them.

It seems to me, too, it would be well for the government to recognize that disobedience to the law, brought about largely by the highly organized opposition to prohibition enforcement, falls but little short, in many cases, of open rebellion.

In dealing with this condition, I suggest that the government go back to methods used in the World War to win its Liberty Loans. A campaign of education in law observance, utilizing four-minute speakers, posters, banners, placards, and other Liberty Loan methods would be helpful.

The truth about prohibition has been almost entirely covered up in some communities by the avalanche of wet propaganda. I think that the truth ought to be brought to light so that everybody may know the facts. That, it seems to me, is one of the most important things to be done about prohibition at the present time.



U. & U. photo

MRS. ELLA
A. BOOLE

is easily the best known and most influential of present-day women dry leaders, having been president of the National W. C. T. U. since 1925, and first vice president of the world organization since 1928. Her home is in Brooklyn, her office in Chicago.



The speakeasy has been an evil from time immemorial.

The wet metropolitan press has not printed the whole truth about prohibition. With few exceptions, it is hostile to the dry cause. There is a dash of bitters in all its prints about prohibition. Many large newspapers are notoriously unfair in their journalistic treatment of pro-

Pictures by
HAROLD DENNIS



Young men and young women in college today merely reflect what is going on back in their homes.

hibition news and facts. By reason of their attitude, law-enforcement officials carrying out their oaths of office have been pilloried, caricatured, abused, and subjected to public ridicule and assault.

That, I think, can be corrected, at least to some extent, by the sort of campaign I have in mind, and it ought to be corrected.

Prohibition has been charged with almost all the country's difficulties and troubles, with the possible exception of last year's drought. That is simply wet propaganda. By its constant repetition the organized wets hope to create a feeling in the public mind that would result in legalizing the liquor traffic again. That is what is back of the propaganda. It is as vicious as it is vain. Something ought to be done to correct it.

Let us consider briefly some of the evils which the wets claim are the direct result of prohibition. First, the speakeasy. The organized wets have been trying for years to put across the idea that the abundance of speakeasies in some large cities and elsewhere is the natural outcome of prohibition; or, to put it another way, that if it were not for prohibition there would be no speakeasy evil.

The charge is preposterous! We have had the speakeasy for generations. It flourished like a weed patch in

the summertime during the days of the legalized liquor traffic.

In 1910 [says Mr. Ernest Gordon in his book, *When the Brewer Had the Stranglehold*] it was discovered, for example, that although 34,884 federal tax receipts had been taken out to sell drink in New York State, the entire number of legalized places was but 27,949.

In other words, nearly 7,000 places were selling drink without a license. . . .

That was in 1910—nine years *before* prohibition. Again:

In Pittsburgh the licensed dealers appealed to Mayor Magee to suppress the 2,000 illegal places in the city. . . . Said President Keefe of the Liquor Dealers' Association of Pittsburgh: "At the very lowest estimate, the speakeasies, clubs, and other resorts damage the legitimate trade at least 40 per cent annually." . . .

Albert Eisele, head of the Cuyahoga County (Ohio) Liquor Dealers' Association, wrote in the *Cleveland Free Press* of February 12, 1915, that "More than 1,500 speakeasies are operating openly in this city. For weeks I have had detectives and state liquor board inspectors quietly investigating in Cleveland. The breweries and distilleries are to blame. They know where they deliver liquor and could stop the traffic."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[DID PROHIBITION INCREASE CRIME? NO!]

Continued from page seventeen

ose are not the statements of the drys. They are the statements of the saloon keepers, their testimony as to conditions long before the Eighteenth Amendment was enacted. Nor is such testimony confined to a few localities. I could fill a whole issue of this magazine with its contents from all over the country.

Let the wets solemnly tell the country that the speakeasy is the natural offspring of prohibition. How absurd! The record shows that when the legal liquor traffic's star was at its zenith the liquor interests actually, though indirectly, fostered the speakeasy, though it was called then by another name. They knew their own; the speakeasy was their child then and it is their child today, outlawed then and now.

Such were conditions before prohibition. What has happened since that time to justify the wet propaganda that the speakeasy would dry up and blow away if the liquor traffic were legalized again?

No; the speakeasy has been an evil from time immemorial. It will never be eliminated this side of doomsday by modifying the prohibition laws. High license, low license, local option, wide-open conditions, and prohibition—under each and every one of these conditions the speakeasy has spawned and increased in numbers and extended its outlaw trade. The cure in the past was not found in legalizing the liquor traffic; legal liquor failed even to curb the speakeasy and it would fail again.

Wet propaganda is trying, too, to sell the country the idea that prohibition is responsible for widespread corruption in government and in politics generally. To end this corruption—such is the specious claim—it is only necessary to modify the prohibition laws to permit the sale of, perhaps, light wines and beer.

Now, really, would that end corruption? If memory serves, the most extensive municipal corruption unearthed in the history of the United States revolved around Boss Tweed and his gang in New York City—decades before prohibition. Everything was wide open then—saloons, breweries, distilleries, low dance halls, brothels. The liquor traffic, legalized, was on the crest of the wave. Now, if legal liquor is the cure for corruption, why didn't it prevent the Tweed scandals? And if it didn't work then, by what magic could it work now?

The propaganda, of course, is indefensible. It rather fancy that the more intelligent of the wets know it is indefensible, too. Surely they credit the American people with paralysis of memory.

ANOTHER impression the wets are trying hard to create is that sentiment for prohibition is on the wane in the United States, and that it won't be long now before the prohibition laws are modified. They have been quite busy distributing that propaganda. They proclaim in glee too ecstatic to be real that the drys are on the run and facing a rout.

Everywhere the wets are gaining ground; soon "the good old days" will return—such is the noisy claque. Especially, the wets generally add, was this demonstrated by the 1930 elections.

Here again I believe the public should have less noise and more facts. What are the facts? Let's look first at the past ten years as a whole. What happened during that period?

Twenty-two states strengthened their original prohibition-enforcement laws.

Twenty states retained their enforcement laws with little change, despite ceaseless wet efforts for repeal or modification.

Only five states repealed their enforcement laws.

One state, Maryland, has never enacted an enforcement law.

To sum up the decade, twenty-two states strengthened, twenty states retained, and only five states repealed their enforcement laws. It seems to me this record indicates

quite clearly that sentiment for prohibition, far from lessening, has increased measurably during the past ten years.

And now we come to the 1930 elections and to 1931. What does the record show? Here it is:

Forty-three state legislatures were in session in 1931. One hundred and two measures aimed at some form of prohibition modification or repeal were introduced in those forty-three legislatures.

Ninety-two of those measures died in committee, or met defeat in committee, or were defeated on the floor.

Ten measures in opposition to prohibition passed the state legislatures.

Those ten measures came from four states, and *none of them seriously affected state enforcement.*

Thirty-two repeal measures were introduced in twenty-one legislatures in 1931. ALL were unsuccessful.

YES, I'm coming to Illinois right away. The wets and the wet press shrieked when Governor Emmerson vetoed the repeal of the Illinois prohibition law. For that veto, I am sure, all advocates of law observance and law enforcement applaud him.

Yet, a few days after Governor Emmerson's veto, the wet strength in the Illinois Legislature melted away in the defeat, in the state Senate, of a resolution asking Congress to submit the question of repeal of the Volstead act to the forty-eight states.

Now, as stated, the members of forty-three state legislatures met in 1931. Those members were fresh from their contact with the voters. They were the product of the 1930 elections. It would seem reasonable to assume that they would reflect up-to-date public sentiment in their lawmaking. Had there been such a weakening of sentiment for prohibition as the wet propagandists claim, would not these legislatures have reflected it? Of course they would have done so.

Where, then, in the face of this record made but yesterday, is there any basis for the constantly repeated wet propaganda that public sentiment now veers toward repeal? The claim appears to have but one basis, the basis of hope—the hope of a small but exceedingly vocal minority for the return, in some form, of legalized liquor. These facts, I maintain, have not been published by the wet newspapers of our large cities. News favorable to law enforcement almost invariably is subordinated or entirely discarded by the wet press; news unfavorable to prohibition is blared under scare heads from page one.

Federal Judge Clark's recent decision in New Jersey holding the Eighteenth Amendment unconstitutional is a striking illustration of the trend. The wet press joyously proclaimed it under flaming headlines. But later, when the Supreme Court of the United States unanimously reversed Judge Clark's decision and upheld the amendment—the Supreme Court had upheld the Eighteenth Amendment and its enforcement code forty-seven times before—the wet press groaned and played the story down, as compared with its presentation of the original decision.

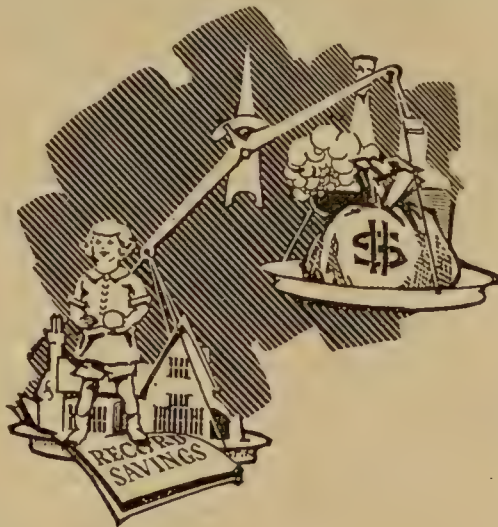
But I am digressing. Let us examine another main phase of wet propaganda—the charge that prohibition is debauching young men and women. We have heard a good deal about that. The propaganda comes to a head in the loose statement that there is more drinking now among young men and women than there ever was in the past.

That charge simply is untrue.

To test it, the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union addressed a letter of inquiry to 300 college presidents. It received replies from 262.

One hundred and forty-seven of these college presidents replied that there is less drinking now at their institutions than there was before prohibition.

Ninety-seven college presidents replied that there is either no drinking whatever at their institutions or so little that it is unknown to the faculty.





One advantage of prohibition is disclosed in the great boon it has brought to American childhood.

Eighteen (less than seven per cent of the total number of replies) wrote back that conditions now are either worse than before prohibition or about the same as before prohibition.

Many of these presidents were at the same college both before and after prohibition, and those who said there was no drinking in their colleges are presidents that live close to the student body.

That, however, was not all we learned from the survey. From the large land-grant universities (which have about one-third of the college students of the country) we received actual figures covering a recent year. Those presidents wrote that during 1928 it was necessary to discipline for drinking only sixteen-hundredths of one per cent of all undergraduates. A simple calculation places the proportion at one student disciplined for drinking to 624 students not requiring such correction.

IS there anything whatever in that exhaustive survey to indicate that drinking among young men and women is increasing? Certainly not in colleges; on the contrary, the survey, covering hundreds of thousands of young people, gives complete denial to the wet propaganda. It is not to be expected, of course, that all college presidents know accurately of the conduct of every student; but every college president who has served as an educator both before and after prohibition knows the difference between the trouble from student drinking of fifteen or twenty years ago and the lack of such trouble today.

And presidents of colleges where there is drinking call attention as well to the vicious drive of propaganda for disobedience of the prohibition laws and its serious effect on student conduct. Young men and women in college today merely reflect what is going on back in their own homes and social environment. They do as their fathers and mothers and friends do, to a large degree; and when we find that drinking among them has diminished until it has become almost negligible, we may conclude, it seems to me, that drinking among their parents and others with whom they come in daily contact likewise is decidedly on the wane.

Now, these are some of the truths I would bring out clearly in the educational drive I have suggested. I

would make it a factual, not an emotional, campaign. I would simply cite the facts in answer to wet propaganda, dealing with the fallacious wet claims one by one. Here, for instance, is another wet argument I would meet:

The government (so goes the propaganda) needs the taxes it would collect on wine and beer; the Treasury has a deficit, but there would be no deficit if the law were modified and taxes were imposed on legalized drinks. The tax burden thus would be lightened, and the country would be more prosperous. Therefore, say the wets, there should be modification.

By that propaganda the wets hope to enlist big taxpayers. It is a pocketbook argument, aimed at a sensitive nerve. And the wets have circulated it industriously. The New York World, for instance, printed on January 26, 1930, a story from which the following excerpt is quoted:

Representatives of brewers and distillers told the World correspondent today that their principals would be willing to pay \$1,125,000,000 annually in federal taxes to return to pre-prohibition production.

I don't doubt it for a moment. They probably would hurt themselves in the rush for the Treasury. And the money they would pay, huge as the amount is, would represent but a fraction of the amount they would make in profit for themselves. But—who really would pay that billion and more? The brewers and distillers? Certainly not; they would act only as collectors of the tax. The actual tax would be paid by the buyers of their liquor. It wouldn't cost the brewers and distillers a single cent.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[DID PROHIBITION INCREASE CRIME? NO!]

Continued from page nineteen

In other words, the brewers and distillers were ready then, and doubtless are now, to tax the American public more than a billion dollars a year for the privilege of being allowed to go back to their vats and stills. Why not? There seems no reason for them to limit their offer to a paltry billion; they might just as well make it several billions, for it wouldn't cost them anything. They would collect every dollar of it from the public.

Where, then, lies the benefit to the public? The public is paying the cost of government now, and under this benevolent proposal it would keep on paying it. Taking the public as a whole, the only real benefit possible would accrue to the brewers and distillers and their distributors.

THERE would be, I grant, a shifting of the tax burden. It would be taken from one class of citizens and put on the shoulders of another. Would the shift be from the poor to the rich? Oh, no! Let me make this clear by quoting again from Mr. Gordon's book. He refers to a three-day meeting, beginning December 12, 1927, at the Washington home of Senator Wadsworth of New York; and then to a memorandum to be sent to millionaire manufacturers and other wealthy men by a certain Mr. Stayton, long identified with the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment, asking them to contribute to the association's support. I will quote from Mr. Gordon's book, as follows:

The memorandum ran:

"Do you realize that Congress has the power to at once legalize a glass of mild, wholesome beer? And that workingmen and others would willingly pay a tax of three cents per glass, and that that amount (based on past consumption) would enable the federal government to get rid of the burdensome corporation taxes and income taxes and to take the snoopers and spies out of offices and homes?"

Mr. Stayton had prepared a hand-picked list of 2,000 men paying income taxes on incomes of \$100,000 or more each. In a draft of a letter to be sent, these points are made:

"1. Irénée du Pont's statement that one of his companies would save \$10,000,000 in corporation tax if we should have, say, the British tax on beer.

"2. In 1914 the brewers paid taxes on 66,000,000 barrels of beer. If we should have back the right to manufacture beer, if we should manufacture just as much as we did in 1914, and if we should tax it at the British rate, the income would be \$1,320,000,000, or more than the net amount received from income and corporation taxes. . . . There would be . . . no more snoopers in business offices examining books.

"3. If the taxes should be taken off corporations there would be a rise in stock values and all owners of stocks would profit accordingly."

The citation of Mr. Stayton's draft of this letter is taken from the printed record of hearings before the Senate Lobby Committee, of which Senator Caraway was chairman, pages 4164, 4165, and 4167. Mr. Stayton, secretary of the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment, then was on the witness stand before the committee. Senator Caraway asked him this question:

"And he [du Pont] thought if you could get the Eighteenth Amendment repealed that he could lift ten million dollars' tax off his corporation?"

To which Mr. Stayton replied:

"That ten million dollars of taxes would be lifted from the corporation; yes, sir."

That is the way the tax would be shifted. In other words, the "workingmen and others" then would spend their money for beer to lift the corporation tax!

I think such things as that ought to be brought out in the educational campaign I have in mind.

And that reminds me of another point stressed in the wet propaganda. The wets stress so many things that I am fearful of overlooking some of them, which I do not wish to do. The wet argument I have in mind runs somewhat like this:

"The saloon is gone forever. Nobody wants it back. It can never return; we [the wets] would never restore it, even if we could."

More wet propaganda—that's all that is! Before we leave the Lobby Committee record let's look a bit further. We find that Mr. du Pont—the same Mr. du Pont—proposing an amendment to the Eighteenth Amendment which would allow "sale of liquor in unbroken packages," "retaining prohibition against by-the-glass sales." That is one of the many wet plans for breaking down prohibition. I do not recall that they are united behind any one program. They seem to be divided in their views into a number of groups, each with a somewhat different plan. But to get back to the record, we find (Lobby Report, page 4012) a letter written by Mr. du Pont in which the following language is used:

If we should find the public more receptive to complete state control than we have at first hoped, *it would be easy to strike out the words, "provided that all such liquors (sold) shall be in packages not to be opened or consumed on the premises where sold."*

The italics are mine.

Well, there's one wet plan: First, state control of liquor sales; then strike out the words preventing the by-the-glass sale and thus bring back the brass rail and the bar. Now, I ask, what value should be attached to the wet promise that the saloon shall never return?

These are some of the many facts I should like to see brought prominently to public attention. Tell the public the whole story, not just wet propaganda. Give them the entire truth instead of simply propaganda put out by an association financed largely by a small group of rich men and with only 10,000 or so names in its entire list of paying members.

ONE of the main troubles of this wet propaganda, it seems to me, is that the wets fail to realize that the sentiment of this country is dry.

I am convinced that it is getting dryer and that it will continue to do so.

I have not attempted in this presentation to set forth the advantages of prohibition as disclosed by the nation's sobriety, its happier homes, its record savings-bank deposits, its higher standard of living, its lowered death rate, and the great boon prohibition has brought to American childhood.

These and other vast benefits are so apparent to everybody that even wet propagandists have passed them up as targets for their poisoned arrows. Instead, I have attempted simply to outline a method of meeting some of the more specious wet propaganda.

No campaign of the kind I have outlined, however, would be complete without bringing public attention sharply to prohibition's benefits as well as scotching untrue wet propaganda. In some populous wet centers many persons seem to be unfamiliar with the positive good prohibition has brought. They should be acquainted with its merits.

I would have the campaign bring home, too, a sense of responsibility to the individual citizen. Every man and woman is either for prohibition or against it. There is no middle ground. When the citizen observes the law in his own personal conduct, he is for prohibition and aids in upholding the Constitution. When he does not observe the law in his own habits, when by his patronage he gives financial aid to the illegal liquor traffic, he is against pro-



hibition and is actively abetting and sustaining the forces aligned against the law and the Constitution. There is an individual responsibility in this matter and I would have it made clear to everyone.

That is what I mean by a campaign of education. The purpose would be twofold: to check the effects of unjustified wet propaganda and to strengthen sentiment for prohibition. The wets have been very active.

I realize that all men and women cannot be like-minded on this subject. I realize, too, that local police coöperation must be had to make prohibition truly effective.

Such a campaign as that outlined would result ultimately in creating a majority dry sentiment in centers now wet, and in the enactment of state and local enforcement laws; and, further, in general observance of the law.

THE dry movement grows. Let me point out that my own organization, the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, has been gaining in membership at the average rate of 1,000 a week for the past four years. These women are not only total abstainers for life, but they pay money in dues to further the cause for prohibition.

We haven't seen much about *that* in the newspapers. The wet press doesn't play it up. Nor does the wet press play up such news as the fact that the clubwomen of the entire nation, through their Federation of Women's Clubs, are overwhelmingly on record for law observance and law enforcement. Nor do we see under big headlines in the metropolitan wet press the news that 11,000,000 women in the great church bodies of the country have come out in strong terms for prohibition.

Nor yet that the far-flung Parent-Teachers Association has done likewise. Nor that the National Education Association, composed of many tens of thousands of public-school teachers, is putting over an educational campaign for law observance. The educational campaign I have in mind should stress these facts, now apparently overlooked by the wet press.

They are important; they fit in the picture. They must be seen if one is to obtain the truth and the right perspective about prohibition.

Such massing of power behind prohibition does not appear to be acceptable news to the wet press.

Nor does the wet press blazon the long list of former brewers and others identified with the liquor industry of former years who but yesterday contributed their hundreds or thousands of dollars each to the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment.

I am told that the association now prides itself on its purity; that it no longer accepts money from persons formerly connected with the liquor industry. Its reform in that respect is quite recent.

Yes, I think something ought to be done about prohibition.

THE END

Quiet Nerves and Sound Sleep



The Drugless Way that Brings Natural Sleep and Rebuilds Vitality While You Sleep

Mail Coupon Below for 3-Day Supply

NOW there is instant relief for thousands who seek sleep each night in vain.

If you are run down, nervous, unable to sleep properly, please accept 3-day trial supply—mail the coupon below.

It is not remotely a drug, so physicians everywhere endorse it.

It brings sleep as soon as you go to bed—no matter how nervous you may be—and it builds you up *while* you sleep!

You sleep like a top the whole night through and wake up feeling full of new pep and energy.

What It Is and How It Works

It is called Ovaltine—a pure food-drink that you take with warm milk. In the World War, it was made a standard ration for building up invalid, nerve-shattered soldiers. They found it does 3 things no other food in the world will do.

First, it induces sound, restful sleep by a *natural* process.

Second, it aids digestion, since it contains in high proportion a remarkable food property known as diastase, which is a natural food substance with the power to digest the starch content of other foods in your stomach. Thus it lifts a great burden from your digestive organs.

Third, it rebuilds worn-out nerve cells. Because it contains in concentrated form a natural vital property called "lecithin," which is the important part of nerve and brain tissue. And this rebuilds nerve and brain cells as you sleep.

Try It Tonight

Just try Ovaltine tonight. Note how quickly you go to sleep. See how differently you feel tomorrow. A few weeks' use of Ovaltine will

make an amazing difference. Your whole appearance will *show* the result of this restful sleep and new vitality.

Thousands of people, on doctors' advice, also take it as a stomach "conditioner." So whenever you begin to "feel" your stomach, just take 4 teaspoonfuls of Ovaltine in a half glass of warm milk with your meal. You will be surprised at the way it helps your stomach and rests your stomach.

For Ovaltine, when taken with a meal, will digest the major portion of all starch content of other foods you have eaten. In this way Ovaltine not only relieves distress but *actually combats* the cause of the trouble.

This is also one of the reasons why Ovaltine helps to put you to sleep at night, for digestive unrest is one of the main causes of sleeplessness.

Start tonight! Just 'phone your druggist or grocer for a tin of Ovaltine. Mix 2 to 4 teaspoonfuls in a glass of warm milk and drink just before you go to bed.

Whatever you think of the claims made for Ovaltine, just try it! It has brought restful sleep and teeming energy to thousands. You'll be surprised at what it does for you.

MAIL FOR 3-DAY SUPPLY (If unable to obtain locally)

THE WANDER COMPANY, Dept. J-29 S
180 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your test package of Ovaltine.

Name.....
(Print name and address clearly)

Address.....

City..... State.....
(One package to a person) 837R

OVALTINE
The Swiss Food-Drink

Manufactured under license in U. S. A.
according to original Swiss formula

FOUR MONTHS of His LIFE

The Story of a Man Without Scruples

By

GEORGE S. BROOKS



who was born on a farm in Wyoming County, New York, in 1895. He went through the war, then became a newspaper reporter, magazine editor, scenarist in Hollywood, and a writer of fiction. He is married, has three children, and lives in Cortland, New York.

(Reading time: 35 minutes 25 seconds.)

SCUD TEEL stood in the president's office with his blue cap on his head and his hands in his pockets. No other person connected with Bristol University would have done that.

"Naturally, we cannot control individuals who place small wagers on the games," explained the president, polishing his spectacles. "But, Mr. Teel, you understand that I cannot tolerate group gambling by the students. And on this wholesale scale."

Scud shifted his weight from one foot to the other. He was a wiry, nervous man of fifty-five or sixty. His face was lined and weather-beaten, the corners of his mouth stained with tobacco juice. His clothes were an assortment of discarded athletic gear. The cap had once belonged to a baseball umpire, the jersey to a crew man, the sweat shirt to a pole vaulter, the sometime-white-flannel trousers to a cheer leader, and the suction-soled shoes to a basketball player.

"Who says there was a big pool on the game?" Scud demanded, in a tone of authority.

"The board of trustees learned that ten thousand dollars was wagered," replied Dr. Cameron severely.

"Trustees—huh!" Scud interjected. "That's the first time them trustees ever learned anything before it was published in the Junior Year Book."

Dr. Cameron smiled. He and Scud often agreed.

"Besides," Scud grumbled, "if them trustees keep panhandling rich folks to send their punks here—"

"Their what?" asked the head of Bristol University.

"Their punks. Their kids. Their brats," the other explained, with good-natured contempt for the president's antediluvian vocabulary. "And if they give them more spending money than I'm paid or you're paid or even the head coach is paid, what do they expect? Give college punks money an' there's bound to be bettin'. The boys ain't no different from you and me, prexy. They wanna back their team."

Dr. Cameron gravely inclined his head.

"Where's all this trustee discipline?" the ground keeper continued. "In the Frosh Bible it says the college is kindly and sympathetic but strict. If them trustees don't like bettin', why don't they haul a load of that strict sympathy up to the stadium and spread it around? It might help the grass grow."

The president withheld comment. He had found it was best to let Scud talk himself out.

HE gripped the hand of the quarterback. "Call 'em right, Kinney," Scud admonished him.

"You needn't pick on me about the bettin' pool, either; I got nothin' to do with it," Scud informed the older man. "I didn't tell nobody to bet, last Saturday. I wouldn't have laid a street-car token on our team, the way they was. I turned down plenty of bets myself, right up to game time."

"I'm speaking to you about the betting, Mr. Teel, because I remember how ably you assisted us last winter at the time of that dormitory trouble," returned Dr. Cameron.

The little man in the nondescript costume was secretly flattered, but he sniffed disparagingly. "I got too much to do now," he complained, "with both gyms and th' practice fields and the bowl and the tracks and the boat-house on my hands. What's it to me if them kids bet their corduroy pants? And lose them? Am I gettin' paid to do the dean's work? Why don't them trustees go whistle to the dean?"

"You must see, Mr. Teel, if we approached this betting





Pictures by
E. F. WARD

scandal through the dean's office, our action would be public and official. Now, I thought that perhaps you and I could treat the matter informally—"

"Yeah. Pussyfoot about it," interjected Scud.

"We might spare the college—"

"Yeah. Save them trustees' faces for them."

The president put back his head and laughed. "In all probability, that is exactly what I meant, Mr. Teel."

"Well"—the other made a concession in his turn—"newspaper talk and washroom gossip won't do us no good. I got to give you that. The trouble is, I don't know no more about this bettin' pool, honest I don't, than if I was on th' faculty. But I'll find out and tell you what ought to be done about it."

The superintendent of gymnasiums and athletic fields walked to the door of the president's office and paused on the threshold. "Them plumbers you hired to fix the showers in the women's gym don't know enough to go back for their tools. Buy me a set of pipe wrenches and I'll save you a hundred a month on plumbers' bills." He banged the door with a total lack of deference.

THE president smiled, and rang for his secretary. "Take this letter to the chairman of the board of trustees," he directed. "Dear Will Barrett: After a careful investigation, I find that your informant was correct. A betting combine or pool was operated upon the result of the Bristol-Lexington football game on Saturday. Our undergraduates lost several thousand dollars which they had wagered. Paragraph. I am taking the necessary measures to prevent a recurrence of this incident."

Scud hustled out of the Administration Building like a freshman released from probation. He cut across the quadrangle, through the main corridor of the Chemistry Lab Building, and popped out the back door to the Sigma Sig house.

Parked in the fraternity-house driveway was a roadster, and beside the car were two students. One, short and chunky, bent and unscrewed a tire valve just as

Scud appeared. The air escaped with a rush. Then he turned to his companion, a tall youngster in a green cap who stood ready with a hand pump. "Get busy," he commanded. The tall boy laboriously began restoring the thirty-five pounds of pressure in the tube.

Scud addressed the fat sophomore. "Where's Charlie?" he inquired.

"Inside."

"Call him out."

"Door's open. Help yourself." The second-year student waved his hand airily.

"Call him out, I said." Scud was not to be intimidated. "Listen. You ain't no better than a freshman. You missed your math last June and you're conditioned in languages. You ain't eligible for anything but the Frosh Hop." Scud's memory was often embarrassingly accurate.

The boy with the tire pump snickered. The fat youth without further protest went to the door and hailed Charlie.

"Now, Charlie," Scud began, "where can I get me a bet on the game Saturday?"

"Bet against Robinson?"

"You don't think I want to bet on 'em against us, do you?"

"How much did you wanna lay?" Charlie demanded with the insulting condescension of a Glee Club soloist.

"Five hundred."

"You lay five hundred?" Charlie's eyebrows raised. "Where'd you get five hundred to lay on eleven cripples like our team?"

"Off prexy," Scud returned casually. "Him and me is parlayin' our dough. We thought we'd pick up a little change for ourselves."

Charlie laughed. That was a crack he would remember for the Glee Club Frolic. "Try Curt," he advised.

"Curt? Curt who?"

"Curt Rainey. The old grad. He's livin' down at the inn."

"Thanks, Charlie."

Scud scuffled back through the Chemistry Lab Building. Had he asked Charlie point-blank who was running the pool, of course the windjammer wouldn't have told

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[FOUR MONTHS OF HIS LIFE]
[Continued from page twenty-three]

him. Musicians were always dumb, though. It was no trouble to outsmart them.

He walked past the president's secretary without speaking and opened the inner door without knocking.

"Back so soon, Mr. Teel?" Dr. Cameron never ceased to marvel at Scud's headlong efficiency. "Pull up a chair and—"

"I don't have no time to set down." From his hip pocket the ground keeper took a paper of scrap tobacco and shook a handful into the palm of his calloused right hand. "Curt Rainey is behind this bettin' fever."

The president looked blank.

"You don't remember Curt Rainey, the Sigma Sig? Well, he was naught-nine. Been hangin' around town since Labor Day. You must have seen him, drivin' a red sport car?"

The other shook his head.

Scud crammed the tobacco into his mouth and then was forced to chew vigorously for a minute before he could continue his conversation. "Look him up in your files," he grunted.

The president rang for his secretary. "Get me the alumni cards for the class of nineteen nine," he ordered.

The secretary evidently disapproved of Scud. To avoid brushing past him, she crowded between the filing cabinet and the desk. Scud watched her, his jaw moving in contemplative dignity.

Dr. Cameron read the card headed "Curtis Bishop Rainey" and tilted his head to one side reflectively. "I think I recall him now. Curtis Rainey was discussed at a faculty meeting. Yes, that's it. In his junior year. He was suspected of cheating on a quiz, but nothing was proven against—"

"Cheatin' is nothin'," Scud snapped. "They all do it. And why not? But I'll tell you the tip-off on Rainey. He was yellower than a canary bird's tail. Back in nineteen six he had his arm hung in a sling, so he wouldn't have to mix it in his class rush. Now, a boy who'd do that—"

The head of Bristol University nodded gravely. He and Scud frequently arrived at the same conclusions by very different lines of evidence. "So Curtis Rainey is back?" he inquired.

"Livin' down at the inn. Runnin' a bettin' pool on the football games for his grift."

Dr. Cameron thought it over. Even if the university were willing to air a scandal, it is difficult to control the actions of an alumnus who is living in an off-campus hotel. If they had Rainey arrested, there wasn't any real charge to place against him; at least, not a criminal charge upon which they stood a chance to convict. "What do you propose to do about it, Mr. Teel?" he asked.

WITH one of his disconcertingly quick lunges, Scud dived for a window, raised the sash, and spat into the flower bed below. Then he returned to the flat-topped desk and leaned confidentially across it. "We play Robinson here Saturday. Know that?"

The president nodded. Placards with the message BEAT ROBINSON hung in every dormitory window; streamers carrying the same slogan fluttered from the radiators of five hundred cars.

"Sometimes you don't," Scud continued accusingly. "Sometimes you faculty fellas act like there wasn't no such thing as a schedule. I seen you spoil the sweetest crew that ever rowed. I seen you lift a dash man off the team for nothin' when he mighta hung up a new mark."

"But, Mr. Teel," Dr. Cameron interrupted hastily, for he had been reminded of the incident before, "it was the sociology department that disqualified—"

"If sociology ain't nothin' then it's next to nothin'," Scud retorted. "Any kid of mine, provided I had a kid, who couldn't bull through a quiz in sociology—well, I'd fire the prof. I read that stuff myself. Now, I'd of forgive you math or chemistry. But to blot him out with sociology! That looked bad-hearted to me."

The president knew it was time to change the subject. Whenever Scud remembered the sprinter who might have hung up a new record and the track team that might

have swept the intercollegiate games, he always grew oratorical. "You were saying that Robinson plays here Saturday."

"Sure. And the game don't look like no bargain. Not after the pasting we took Saturday from Lexington. Our reserves is the trouble. They wear cleated shoes and shoulder pads, but they're mostly nice boys who'd fall off the bench if you made up a face at 'em. I been figurin' psychology an' weight in the line an' probable injuries, and I don't give us more'n an outside chance to win, unless somebody pulls off a miracle. So, if you want this gamblin' stopped, this game is the time to do it."

THE president of the university nodded thoughtfully. "What had we better do about it?"

"I'll tell you. You should start out by disqualifyin' three of the regulars."

Dr. Cameron gasped. "You come in here, Mr. Teel, and actually ask me to disqualify a man for an athletic team?"



"Sure. This one time you might make yourself useful. This is Monday. You had better rub out Kinney, the quarterback. That ain't hard for you." Scud's sarcasm was withering. "He's down in his languages. And Locatelli, at right tackle. It's a blessing the dean hasn't heard about him already. That big truck horse elected calculus, and he doesn't know a right-angled triangle from a xylophone. And Murphy, at center. Put him off, too. He's been taking too many cuts. He won't get up for his eight-o'clocks. You suspend them three from the squad and lend me five hundred dollars."

The president chuckled. "I fear some skullduggery, Mr. Teel." He shook his head solemnly. "To think of your asking me to declare an athlete ineligible! Why, for twenty years I've had to dodge you after each faculty meeting."

"That isn't all you got to do," Scud was very serious.

"No?" The president's face fell.

"No. You got to disqualify them this afternoon, but you'll have to reinstate 'em in time for signal practice Friday."

"I can't do that."

"You got to. How else would we get bettin' odds our way?" Dr. Cameron was silent. "You bluff it through," Scud continued, waving the unspoken objections aside. "The students will get up a petition to have the three reinstated. You can give in to 'em for once. That'll go big with the students."

"I was afraid there'd be a catch to this," said the

"**H**OLD on there, Rainey!"
Scud thrust his way
through. "If there ain't no
one else to bet on old Bristol,
I'll lay my roll on her."



president. "How am I going to explain this juggling of marks to my department heads?"

"Don't explain nothin'. Tell 'em they gotta. Show your authority. You listen to too much back talk anyhow."

By the next evening gloomy forebodings had settled like a black frost upon the campus. Prospects for winning the Robinson game were darker than the cloudy night. Pungent smoke from smoldering piles of leaves rose no higher than the tree tops.

The scattered arc lights seemed dimmed above the familiar paths and the lighted dormitory windows looked cheerless. Students strolled along dejectedly, by ones and twos and threes or by groups, following the band down to the lighted front of the men's gym.

They were all talking of the same thing:

"But takin' three men off the team at once . . ."

"If somebody tutored them, maybe . . ."

"And if they grant 'em a special exam . . ."

"Not a chance."

"You don't know prexy."

"He's a crab."

"No. Just a scholar."

"Why don't the band play?"

"They got no heart for it."

"If this bunch had a leader . . ."

"Leadership—that's it. There's no leadership."

"Petitions to prexy! That's childish."

"What else can we do?"

Slowly they gathered for the mass meeting. Behind the band, already drawn up on the great stone steps of the gym, they would parade to the president's house, carrying a petition that a special examination be given the fallen football stars.

Under one of the arc lights passed Scud Teel. His thin body was wrapped in a hockey greatcoat two full sizes too big for him. "Yessir," said Scud, chiefly because he liked to talk and to no one in particular, although a dozen were within earshot, "you'd think somebody smart told prexy just who to kick off the team."

"It isn't prexy," an engineer insisted. Eight inches of slide rule protruding from his pocket identified his profession. "There's half a dozen Robinson alumni on the faculty. They did us this dirt."

"Why don't the band start?"

"They're waitin'."

"For what? Their music?"

"No. Some outsider's going to give a pep talk."

"Outsider?" asked Scud.

"He's an old grad. An alumnus."

SCUD started. He wondered if the man really had the nerve to—

"Who does the flag-flappin'?" Scud shouted to a Gamma Delt.

"Curt."

"Curt Rainey?" asked Scud incredulously.

"Sure. And here he comes. He'll snap 'em out of this." The Gamma Delt, in his fervor, tried to become a cheer leader. "Come on, gang. Give a long Y-e-h for Curt Rainey!"

Scud, standing on tiptoe, could see Rainey now. He was plowing through the crowd, up the steps where the band had been posted, with all the strut of a turkey gobbler after Thanksgiving. Willing hands were boosting him up on the back of one of the huge stone lions that guarded the steps of the gym. Rainey was an undergraduate hero that fall. There was talk of voting him the annual award as the most popular alumnus.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[FOUR MONTHS OF HIS LIFE]
[Continued from page twenty-six]

Scud could see him perfectly now as he balanced himself upon the lion's back. Rainey was a plump, oily man with pudgy hands and pig eyes set deep in their sockets above his bulgy cheeks. His double-breasted overcoat was semifitted—a youthful model for junior executives, the tailor called it. His salmon-colored gloves, his spats and plush-felt hat all proclaimed him the knowing man of the world.

"Start us off with the march song." Rainey cupped his hands to be heard and called to the bandmaster.

A lacrosse player dug an elbow into Scud's ribs. "Now you'll hear something," he boasted. "He knows how to talk to a crowd, that Curt Rainey does."

"I wouldn't wonder," the ground keeper agreed. "All he lacks is some gasoline lights and a cooch gal on a platform." He read the Latin motto carved over the double doorway, "*Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re*—Smooth and stylish, but crookeder than ever," he translated freely. There was a quick, loud ruffle on the snare drums.

"Sing!" thundered Rainey.

"Men of Bristol,
Men courageous,
Men undaunted,
Men audacious..."

"Listen to 'em sing for him!" the lacrosse player bellowed in Scud's ear.

"Yeah. But wait until he passes out the snake oil," returned the cynic.

From his perch on the stone lion, Rainey's arm swung rhythmically across his body, leading band and singers like another Sousa.

"Bristol needs you.
Bristol calls you.
Come ye forth,
Ye men of Bristol!"

"Again and louder!" Rainey ordered.

"They're getting stewed on their own noise," Scud muttered to himself. "They oughtta lose their shirts."

Something dynamic seemed to be gathering speed and momentum with the song. The windows of Alexander Hall rattled with the echoes. Pale grubbers—book weevils, the head coach called them—came stumbling out of the silence room at the library. Scud saw them hurrying down the steps.

"Come ye forth,
Ye men of Bristol!"

From the lion top Rainey signaled for silence. He had only to raise his hand, for he had let the crowd sing themselves hoarse and breathless.

"Here!" Rainey's hand lifted some packages of yellow-backed bills from his pocket. "Here's ten thousand dollars of Robinson money that says our team is no good!"

SCUD was grinning. He had guessed right. The man had never openly solicited bets before. He had operated quietly off campus. Rainey was planning a clean-up on this game—a clean-up and a quick lam out of town with his roll.

"Now, who wants a piece of this?" Rainey waved the bills above his head. "I'll cover part of it myself. Who's in with me on the rest of it?"

There was an uncomfortable pause. The boys who had money to bet had taken a beating Saturday at the Lexington game. Scud realized that Rainey, in order to have the money covered, had had to come on the campus and catch the hysteria of a football rally. It was his only chance to snare his suckers. With three stars out of the line-up, undergraduates who might be willing to die for dear old Bristol couldn't see the percentage in betting on her.

"What?" barked Rainey. "No Bristol men here? No Bristol man who'll back his team?"

There was no answer.

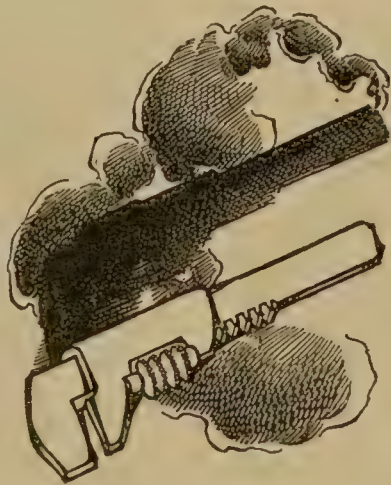
With well simulated anger, Rainey bent down and spoke to the bandsmen. "Throw away your trumpets and write diplomas on the head of your drum," he ordered. "That's all it's good for now." Again he faced the crowd. "Maybe you didn't hear me. I'm betting on our team. Isn't there anyone to play along with me?"

No one spoke.

"I'm asking you, how much do you think of your team?"

Silence.

"And I thought you were Bristol men." The speech was more in sorrow than in anger. "Isn't there one man with five dollars' worth of Bristol spirit here? With just one dollar that says a Bristol team isn't beaten until the last whistle?"



THERE were no takers. Some of the students stirred uneasily under the lash of his scorn. But, on the other hand, they did not want to be laughed at for making a stupid bet.

"Well, fellows, I guess Robinson was right. They knew their bluff wouldn't be called when they sent this money. I beg your pardon for interrupting you. But times have changed since I was in college. I knew some of your fathers. I know what your fathers would have said and done."

"Hold on there, Rainey!" Scud Teel thrust his way through the band like a broken field runner returning a kick-off. "If there ain't no one else to bet on old Bristol, I'll lay my roll on her."

Rainey started. It didn't seem right. Here was old Scud Teel, a shrewd and wary betting man, coming forward with money for a lost cause. Scud had never made a sentimental wager in his life. Scud had never backed a runner unless he had clocked the speed. He had never ventured a nickel unless there was ten cents in sight. Scud was notoriously interested only in sure things. Why should he walk up to be fleeced, like an amateur in a bear market? Rainey had a presentiment that everything was not smooth.

But a shill was a shill, when a man made a pitch. He might be able to use the old fellow as a come-on. Rainey grasped Scud's hand. "Boys," he shouted, "here's Scud Teel with money to back our team! You know Scud. How much are you laying?"

"Well, Curt, what odds do we get?"

"Even money," Rainey shot back the answer. "Whenever old Bristol sends out a team against Robinson, it's an even-money bet."

There was a hoarse shout from the crowd. Scud had broken the ice of cautious wisdom.

"Well," said Scud, as they quieted down, "I got five hundred dollars here. Make out the ticket."

"Don't call it a ticket," Rainey whispered. Then he shouted: "And here's your receipt for five hundred at even money on Bristol."

"Give me fifteen dollars," called a clarinet player, catching the fever.

"I got twenty-five to follow Scud's," a cross-country runner offered.

"Five bucks here. . . . Fifty to win. . . . Seven and a half. . . . Five here. . . ." From all over the crowd came the cries.

"There's the Bristol spirit." Rainey beamed upon them. "Here come your fathers' sons. Twenty-five it is, and we'll all win with Bristol. Five dollars you got, and Saturday night you'll wish you'd made it ten. Twenty-five from you. Ten and ten more makes it twenty. Ten wins you ten. It's great to spend Robinson money, fellows. Seven and a half—I got you. Come again and good luck. . . ."

Scud, his "receipt" clutched in his hand, watched with a grin as Rainey's thick fingers picked bills from mid-air and returned the printed coupons that served as tickets.

"What've you heard?" whispered an anxious voice in Scud's ear. He turned. It was a "hasher," a waiter

in the student lunchroom and likely pole vaulter. "I lost my term tuition money on the Lexington game Saturday. Listen, Scud. Have you got the dope? Is this a chance to get my dough back?"

"You chiseler!" the ground keeper stormed. "Workin' your way and bettin' tuition money. You ain't even got a decent suit of clothes. What was you bettin' for?"

"I don't know, Scud," the youth returned, abashed.

"How much did you lose?"

"Hundred and twenty-five."

"Can you get a hundred and a quarter more?"

The youth hesitated. "Yes. But it'll take every cent I got. I'll have to quit college if—"

"Go get the dough. Place it," Scud commanded. "Either be broke or be even. You're no good the way you are."

"Is it in the bag, Scud?"

"Naw," he growled. "No football game was ever in the bag. But I got a hunch that our boys might be right around game time Saturday. And no team that was really right was ever beat."

IN the varsity squad's dressing room, below the bulk-ing south end of the stadium, only the throbbing drumbeats of the bands could be heard, like the quickened pulse of a fever patient. Outside and above them, seventy-five thousand people waited.

But the dressing room was so quiet that one shuddered when a substitute guard's shoe cleats rasped on the stone floor as he crossed to the trainer's table to have his hands taped.

The outside door opened a crack. Scud Teel put in his head and nodded to Curley Ryan, the head coach. A look of understanding passed between them.

"Hello," the coach called. "Come in."

Scud looked as pathetic as a Christmas eve orphan. He seemed lost inside the topcoat he was wearing. It was a belted trench coat which had once belonged to the commandant of the S. A. T. C. On one torn shoulder

strap was still fastened a dejected tarnished-silver eagle. The commandant had been a strapping six-footer and Scud was a little man. Above the turned-up collar, his blue eyes glistened like bits of tempered steel. He gave the impression of a fighting bantam decked out in bedraggled ostrich plumage.

"Okay, coach?" asked Scud in a hoarse whisper.

"I hope so, Scud," returned Curley.

Scud took off his inevitable blue cap, showing the untidy bald spot on his head. It was probably the first time that most of the players had seen him bareheaded. There was a tradition that Scud slept with his cap on. He looked older than usual, as if he had aged a half dozen years since Tuesday night.

The ground keeper walked to the captain of the team and put out his hand. The player, bewildered, grasped it. Scud wasn't given to "yessing," handshaking, or back-slapping.

"Good luck," he said earnestly. "Good luck to you!"

The little man seemed overcome by emotion. The players stared at him. He was usually as demonstrative as a sewing machine. He gripped the hand of the quarterback who had been so providentially restored to the team the afternoon before. "Call 'em right, Kinney," Scud admonished him. "But I know you will. Call 'em right, boy."

Next he mitted Locatelli. "Good luck. Lots of luck," he mumbled.

Scud shook hands with each one, in order, through the roster of the squad.

"Everybody out!" a manager shouted through the crack in the door. "Everybody out, coach. They're waiting for the toss-up."

Scud paid no attention. "Boys," he said, "I wish you a lotta luck. I'm just old Scud, but I'm squeezing for you." He started to say something more, blinked his eyes, and abruptly left the room.

"Geejimeny," said the left halfback in an awe-struck

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Now Lose 4 to 7 Pounds in one week Yet Never Suffer a Hungry Moment

Modern science has recently made important discoveries in fat reduction by which the normally overweight person can lose from four to seven pounds weekly *on a full stomach*. Hence, it is now foolish to stay fat. *Without a single hungry moment* you can now see yourself grow thin day by day, see the coarse lines of overweight replaced by the refined lines of slenderness, safely and comfortably.

What You Do

You do just two simple things: Keep your system free from waste matter, toxins and depleting poisons by taking a teaspoonful of ordinary Jad Salts in a glass of water a half hour before breakfast every morning. Then, *eat your fill—as much as your appetite can stand*—of the following foods:

For breakfast—one or two whole oranges. Two slices of whole wheat or bran bread toasted, or rolled oats.

For lunch—a good sized piece of any lean meat. Then see how much spinach, sauerkraut, cabbage, green peas, broccoli or fresh turnips you can eat. *Eat all you can comfortably hold* of these foods. Eat plentifully, too, of all green salads. Eat any fresh fruit for dessert.

At night—eat another fill-up meal as above. Cut down on butter and sweets by half. That's

easy. For with your stomach filled with other foods, you will never miss them.

4 to 7 Pounds Gone in Week

If you are a normally overweight person, you may show a weight difference of as much as three pounds first day. For the Jad Salts in themselves will reduce the *moisture-weight* of your body that much. For *remember, something over 70% of your total weight is moisture*. That puffy, "too tight-in-the-clothes" feeling you have will also go at once.

Then *eat well* of the foods outlined above. Soon you'll be free from the embarrassment of being called "fat". And do it all *on a full stomach*. Your health, too, will be better. You'll feel peppier than you have for years.

Ask Your Doctor

If in doubt about the safety of this way, ask your doctor. Show him this article. He will tell you it is safe. For it performs two necessary and important functions:

The Jad Salts clear the intestinal tract and system of the excessive toxins most fat people have. The change in diet—the *filling of the stomach to its limit* with foods that turn to strength and energy instead of fat—decreases the weight day by day. The salts clear the sys-



tem and cut moisture-weight. *The change in food takes off the fat. Clip this out for the diet. You can get the Jad Salts at any drug store.

*Note particularly—the salts are urged purely as a poison-banishing agent—not as a reducing. The change in food does the work.

[FOUR MONTHS OF
HIS LIFE
Cont'd from page 27]

whisper. "Old Scud was cryin'. Bawlin' like a baby."

The players looked at each other. They couldn't understand it. There was an awkward pause, while shoe cleats shuffled on the floor.

Then Curley, the head coach, spoke quietly.

"Fellows," he said, "Scud never came into this room before a game until today. I think I know why. He likes you boys. You been his pet team of all time, since some of you were freshmen. Last week he told me, 'Don't worry, coach,' he said. 'The boys had an off day. But don't you worry. They're better than you think, coach.' That's what Scud said, after you'd been licked."

The room was so quiet that the blaring trumpets of the band sent a phrase of the march song in through the thick walls:

Bristol needs you.
Bristol calls you.
Come ye forth,
Ye men of Bristol!

"Fellows!" The coach's voice rose. "Down there in front of the gym the other night, a slicker dared anyone to bet on you.

And no one thought you was worth a nickel. Your best friends couldn't see you. Nobody but old Scud. He went down into his pocket and put up five hundred dollars on you. Because he liked you! Because he had faith in you! He stuck with you when you didn't have a booster on the campus."

Curley Ryan paused impressively to let that sink in. Then he went on: "Five hundred dollars is four months' pay to Scud. He bet four months' work—four months of his life. Why, you got no friend like Scud! Your own sweethearts, your own roommates, your own fathers wouldn't bet four months of their lives on you. But that's what Scud did!"

The head coach's voice was husky now, as if he were holding back his tears.

"If you let Scud down—after the faith he's had in you—if you don't go out there and make that five hundred good for him—here's my resignation." He took a sealed envelope from his pocket and put it on the window sill. "You can hand it in to the graduate manager—because you won't see me again. There it is. And if you forget Scud for one minute . . . That's all."

Half of the players were crying, openly and unashamed. As a matter of fact, sentiment is usually thicker and stickier in a football dressing room than at a mid-week matinée of Romeo and Juliet.

"Get outside—and remember Scud Teel, the only friend you got!" the coach commanded. "Murphy, you wait."



"Hello, Curt," said the
ground keeper pleasantly.
"Gimme your gun."

The team captain brushed his eyes with his jersey sleeve and shouted, "Two touchdowns for Scud, men! Then a couple more for ourselves."

They charged out, stampeding down the tunnel to the gridiron like a herd of red-eyed bulls. But for Murphy, the sometime cynical and lethargic center, the coach had another message. "You think that's all hokey I give them, do you?" snapped Curley Ryan.

Murphy grinned. "Oh, well. You got to say something, coach," he conceded, thinking he was being treated as an adult.

"I thought so." Ryan nodded. "I didn't see you bawlin' with the others."

THEN, with lightning accuracy, the coach kicked both of Murphy's shins twice. "Get mad, you fathead, get mad!" he snarled. "There. That's better. And if you don't stay mad, I'll beat the liver out of you right after the game."

Over the flag-trimmed crest of the bowl spread a deep, expectant silence. Then a toy whistle sounded and more people than live in Lincoln, Nebraska, said "Ah-h-h-h!"

Scud, walking briskly through the parking area behind the stadium, paused as he heard the sound. He identified it as the first kick-off. "Too bad I can't see this game," he muttered. "It might be a dandy." He walked on.

He was turning down College Boulevard when a great roar shook his eardrums. Then, splitting the roar, was a cannon shot. A pause. Another roar and another

cannon shot. The Bristol howitzer was always fired to mark a score.

"Seven to nothin'," he computed. "I had them boys all stirred up."

A few blocks farther down the hill he spotted his quarry—a red sport-model touring car, the top down, parked just next to a fire plug.

"All ready for the get-away, just like I figured." Scud nodded with satisfaction. "Even his suitcase in the back."

Some baggage was concealed under a canvas cover in the rear seat.

Scud climbed in and crawled under the tarpaulin with the baggage.

From the stadium on the hilltop came another long, delirious roar, punctuated by two cannon shots.

"Fourteen to nothin'," he reckoned. "I wouldn't wonder if our boys ran up a big score. I won't have to wait long now."

Pounding down the sidewalk sounded quick footsteps. Scud, without stirring under the canvas, reached into his left-hand trench-coat pocket and grasped a hard steel object.

Something struck the side of the car. He felt someone vault into the driver's seat.

He heard a key turn in the switch and felt the grinding of the starter. The motor coughed tentatively and then purred.

Suddenly Scud sprang from beneath the canvas. His left hand was still holding something in his trench-coat pocket.

Without removing it, he poked it into the back of Rainey's neck, at the point where the largest roll of fat spilled over the man's collar.

"Hello, Curt," said the ground keeper pleasantly. "Gimme your gun."

"Scud Teel!" Rainey gasped, turning his head quickly, and then turning it back again and stalling his motor.

"Just old Scud." Again he nudged his companion's top vertebra.

"Come on with that gun."

"I got no—"

"Oh, yes, you have. You wouldn't be without one. Hand it over."

WITH a snarl, Rainey took a nasty short-nosed automatic from a shoulder holster and passed it to Scud. The latter dropped it into his right-hand coat pocket. Then, shifting his left hand to the gambler's ribs, he stepped over into the front seat. Rainey could feel a cold metal circle pushing deeper and deeper into his side. He cringed.

"What was the score when you left?" Scud demanded.

"Fourteen to nothin'. Bristol." The man was frightened and sullen.

"How'd they score? On runs or passes?"

"Both wide end runs on third down, from a fake kick formation."

Scud's eyes twinkled. "If they open up their passin' game, it's liable to end up fifty to nothin'."

Rainey shuddered. "What d'you want?"

"Drive us up to the hydrant by the main gate. We'll stay there un-

til the game's over. And then," Scud chuckled, "you'll pay off."

"I haven't the money—"

"Oh, yes, you have." Scud moved the hard object to another rib and pushed menacingly. "It's right in your pocket, Curt. You had this all figured out. You got the boys to bet on a sure thing. The night when you made this pool, our team didn't have a Chinaman's chance. But, Curt—this was framed for you. Those three boys was disqualified to kid you."

Rainey started. "No," he growled. "They couldn't have been!"

"But they was." Scud was enjoying himself. "Now, you rat, you haven't had an honest bet all the season. You never had a dollar of Robinson money; I knew that when you didn't give odds. Bristol is an even-money bet every time, you said. And I said to myself, 'Ha-ha. He's going to do a welsh and run out with the money. Keep after him, Scud.'"

"What'll you take to—"

"Shut up!" Scud interrupted. "You won money enough last week to pay off today. And you'll do it!"

Up on the hilltop, muffled cheering and loud cannon shots told of more scoring.

IT was after six o'clock when Scud rang the bell of the president's house and walked into the president's study.

"Have a chair, Mr. Teel," invited Dr. Cameron.

"I don't have no time to set down," the man in the trench coat grumbled. "Here's Curt Rainey's gun."

From the right-hand pocket of his coat he brought it out and laid it on the desk.

"I took it off him so he wouldn't try no stick-ups or nothing until he was out of the state."

"You don't mean he carried a gun!"

"Sure." Scud laughed.

"Then you actually endangered your life."

"Never mind that. That's nothin'." Scud was very much embarrassed. "There's your nine hundred and eighty dollars. It's twenty bucks short, because I gave Rainey twenty to buy gas with. I thought it was worth twenty bucks to us to have him on the road."

"But, Mr. Teel, I lent you only five hundred dollars. What's the rest?"

"Your winnings. What do you suppose?"

Dr. Cameron took out the five hundred dollars that had to be returned to the contingent fund and pushed the remaining money back to Scud.

"The college couldn't profit by betting," he explained. "So, unless you have scruples, you keep that."

"Scruples? Me? What would I do with 'em?" asked the ground keeper. "And, by the way." From the left-hand pocket of his trench coat he pulled the hard steel object which had left its imprint on Curtis Bishop Rainey's ribs.

"Now, prexy," he scolded. "You ain't never got me that set of pipe wrenches I told you I wanted. I want 'em to match this one. I stole this off the plumber."

THE END

NEXT WEEK—

The Mystery of the Fabulous Laundryman

by

BEN HECHT

also

stories and articles by

MARIE DE MONTALVO

PAUL ANNIXTER

ROBERT BENCHLEY

"CHICK" MEEHAN

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay \$1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What novel includes the character Artful Dodger?

2—What does the Latin phrase *casus belli* mean?

3—What is the harvest moon?

4—Edmonton is the capital of what Canadian province?

5—What is the name of the receptacle in which an archer carries arrows?

6—What is the largest planet?

7—In what countries are the Vosges Mountains?

8—What is the Apocalypse?

9—What is the lowest commissioned rank in the United States Navy?

10—In what state is Glacier National Park?

11—What is pathology?

12—In what game is the term stymie used?

13—What is an immolation?

14—How many dozens in a great gross?

15—In what states is the Suwannee River?

16—What is a necromancer?

17—What is an arroyo?

18—What is a friable substance?

19—How many cubic inches in a standard United States gallon?

20—What is an eyeservant?

(Answers will be found on page fifty-three)



Janet
Gaynor and
Charles Farrell in
Merely Mary Ann.

Fay Wray and
Ronald Colman in
an exciting melo-
drama, *The Un-
holy Garden*.



Roguary, SUGAR, *and* SIN

Ronald Colman's Latest Picture and Two Mismatched Leading Ladies

By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

(Reading time: 5 minutes 45 seconds.)

MISCASTING is one of the most serious of all Hollywood ailments.

For years it kept Valentino from approaching his destiny. Until June Mathis selected him for the rôle of Julio in *The Four Horsemen* he was just another Hollywood actor playing villains. Nobody thought of making him the hero. The present hit, Clark Gable, has come to success by the same path.

Marie Dressler might never have become a great hit if Clarence Brown, the director of *Anna Christie*, had been given his way. He wanted Louise Dresser for the part, but, somehow or other, the rich rôle fell to the elderly actress who has more box-

office draw right now than all the it girls put together.

Two of the most serious cases of miscasting at present are Elissa Landi and Tallulah Bankhead. In her newest film, *Wicked*, Miss Landi is called upon to play a persecuted widow who gives birth to a baby in jail. Miss Bankhead is given the rôle of an entertainer in a Panama dive who kills the man who "done her wrong."

Neither of these intelligent, sophisticated actresses is fitted for these naïve rôles.

- 1 star means fairly good.
- 2 stars, good.
- 3 stars, excellent.
- 4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ THE UNHOLY GARDEN

CAST

Barrington Hunt.....	Ronald Colman
Camille.....	Fay Wray
Hon. Mrs. Elize Mowbray.....	Estelle Taylor
Baron de Jonghe.....	Tully Marshall
Smiley Corbin.....	Warren Hymer
Colonel von Axt.....	Ulrich Haupt
Prince Nicolai Poliakov.....	Mischa Auer
Captain Kruger.....	Morgan Wallace
Dr. Shayne.....	Lawrence Grant
Nick-the-Goose.....	Henry Armetta
Kid Twist.....	Kit Guard
Mrs. Lucie Villars.....	Lucille LaVerne
Lautrac.....	Arnold Korff
The Baron's brother.....	Charles Mailles

Directed by George Fitzmaurice.

Produced by United Artists.

Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur hit upon an idea rife with movie possibilities in this original screen story for Ronald Colman.

Out in the Arabian desert, surrounded by savage tribesmen, is a great ruin of a hotel occupied by des-



Fredric March and
Tallulah Bankhead in
My Sin.



Benevolent ex-sweetheart, Victor
McLaglen, rescues widow in dis-
tress, Elissa Landi, in *Wicked*.

in its sentimentality, aside from being too slow-moving. Yet I suspect it will be popular.

Here the wistful, childish Janet Gaynor plays another Cinderella. This time she is a slavey in a drab London rooming house.

It is the landlady—in the person of that able character actress, Beryl Mercer—who holds the film up in interest. Miss Gaynor is gentle and touching as Mary Ann, and Charles Farrell is pretty good as the composer; but the story is much too sweetly improbable for comfort.

★ ★ WICKED

CAST

Scott Burrows.....Victor McLaglen
Margot Rande.....Elissa Landi
Tony Rande.....Theodore von Eltz
June.....Una Merkel
Blake.....Allan Dinehart
Judge Luther.....Oscar Apfel
Mrs. Luther.....Irene Rich
Mrs. Johnson.....Blanche Frederici
Directed by Allan Dwan.
Produced by Fox.

Although this story was adapted to the screen by one of your favorite Liberty authors, Adela Rogers St. Johns, I regret to report that it is an ill-fitting dramatic costume for the personable Elissa Landi.

This is a tear-jerker in which the persecuted heroine goes to prison when she tries to help her husband escape the police. Widowed by a detective's bullet, she gives birth to a child in prison. The rest of the story concerns her efforts to regain her baby, given by the authorities in adoption to a rich couple.

The single novelty about *Wicked* lies in its presentation of life in a women's prison, pictured as kindly and constructive, confining but comfortable.

Miss Landi just doesn't fit this sort of torturous emotional rôle, and Victor McLaglen is lost in the part of a benevolent sweetheart of early days who reappears to help the widow through her trials.

perate refugees from every land. Here, out of reach of extradition, live an English doctor wanted for killing his three wives, a German officer who betrayed his battalion, a Russian who murdered his sweetheart for her jewels, an American racketeer behind in his police payments, and a dozen or so other international scoundrels.

To this tattered hostelry, facetiously called the Palais Royale, comes Barrington Hunt, wanted for forgery. Just as he appears, the bloodthirsty guests of the hotel are getting together to murder an old blind man who lives in two dingy rooms with his pretty granddaughter. They have just discovered that the old fellow has a stolen fortune hidden.

Need I tell you that Hunt falls in love with the girl and pits his wits against the crowd of gallows birds?

The fantastic and exciting melodrama moves with nice speed and pace, providing the star with the rôle of a charming and resourceful scoundrel.

★ ★ MERELY MARY ANN

CAST

Mary Ann.....Janet Gaynor
John Lonsdale.....Charles Farrell
Mrs. Leadbatter.....Beryl Mercer
Peter Brooke.....C. P. Huntley, Jr.
Draymen.....J. M. Kerrigan
Rosie Leadbatter.....Lorna Balfour
Vicar Smedge.....Arnold Lucy
Directed by Henry King.
Produced by Fox.

This innocuous little play by Israel Zangwill is not a little old-fashioned

★ ★ MY SIN

CAST

Carlotta.....Tallulah Bankhead
Dick Grady.....Fredric March
Roger Metcalf.....Harry Davenport
Larry Gordon.....Scott Kolk
Directed by George Abbott.
Produced by Paramount.

If you go to the movies often you have met the lady with the past who tries to find love and happiness without telling. The indiscretion of yesterday invariably turns up to torture the young woman for reels and reels. Tallulah Bankhead's second starring film, *My Sin*, is another variation of this theme. Miss Bankhead is the young woman who steps from a tropical murder court to interior decorating, while Fredric March is the reformed lawyer drunkard. Now that I have seen Miss Bankhead in two films, I am led to doubt her screen possibilities.

Do you know that—

Barbara Stanwyck and Columbia Pictures have patched up their differences?

Four- and three-star pictures of the last six months

★★★★—Street Scene, Bad Girl, The Smiling Lieutenant, Skippy, The Front Page.

★★★—Five Star Final, The Guardsman, Personal Maid, The Spider, Waterloo Bridge, The Last Flight, Alexander Hamilton, Young as You Feel, The Common Law, Bought, Sporting Blood, Laughing Sinners, Forbidden Adventure, The Man in Possession, Night Nurse, Smart Money, Five and Ten, Chances, Le Million, Daddy Long Legs, Always Goodbye, A Free Soul, Indiscreet, Svengali, The Public Enemy, A Connecticut Yankee, The Millionaire, Dirigible, Tabu, Behind Office Doors, Charlie Chan Carries On, Strangers May Kiss.

*I*N desperation he rushed into the second entrance, and in a voice that sounded like the explosion of an arsenal he shouted, "Bang!"

Pictures by
HUBERT MATHIEU

(Reading time: 19 min. 30 sec.)

A GREAT deal besides water has passed under the bridge since I last appeared in Liberty, enlightening the world.

Critics said I put too much about myself in my autobiography—that I had too much Cohan in my cosmos. Perhaps they're right; but I am not critic enough to write an autobiography and leave myself out of it.

Some critics say that if I left off writing altogether and stopped producing plays, the golden age of American drama would begin. But not for me. They don't think of that. They say the world would be just as well off if I had never written a play or composed a song; but what a difference it would make to me and my bank account!

I don't say that money is the only sign of success; but it's a favorable symptom. In spite of all the free and critical advice I've received, I wouldn't go back and change my entrances and exits much if I could.

Have you ever heard of a successful candidate demanding a recount?

More than twenty years ago I wrote a little piece on How to Be a Good Salesman, which wound up with a sentiment, some of which is still sound, as follows:

A man is never born with enemies; he makes them.

A man is born with friends, and loses them.

It's what he does, how he acts, that gets him what he's got or loses him what he had. If you go through life making friends, you are your own best friend. If you go along making enemies, you're your own worst enemy.

The real idea is to laugh your way through life.

Tell them you don't mind the world; you enjoy it. Lie a little; what the hell do you care?

Tell the spendthrift he has the right idea in having a good time. Tell the miser he is a wise man to save his money. Admire the showy woman's jewelry. Praise the modest girl for her simplicity. In other words, open up a salve store.

So far as I am personally concerned, I propose three cheers for everybody.

I am not very much sold on the past. The sidewalks of New



Dance and

GEORGE

Tells Why He's an Optimist and
to HA

York are all right in sentiment; but it's the people on the street now, not the footprints of forgotten men, that count.

Whether you're producing drama or running a department store the main thing is to be up-to-date. Of course, there are elements that never change. But America is not going downhill. Washington, Jefferson, and Lincoln could be elected now.

I HAVE always kept the people in mind in writing and producing plays. It's the boy that pays to come in, the cash customer, that counts. It's my belief in him as a brother, as a side kick in the show, that has made some of my plays and songs popular with you fellows, my real financiers.

Some years ago, for all in my companies and others who might be concerned, I issued an ultimatum on this subject. Here it is, still true in the main:

All this noise about there being so many great men in the theatrical profession is table talk and tommyrot. A man is a big man in the show game whenever he happens to do something



"DANCING,"
George M.
Cohan declares,
"has taken twenty-five years off
my age."

Stay Young

COHAN

Some Secrets of His Success

CE

g, and a big man realizes that he's liable to become a small potato should his foot happen to slip; and, believe me, slushy going, and the sidewalk along Fame Avenue is slippery, and uncertain proposition.

at deal more is expected of a man who tears off a few than of a man who has been less fortunate. If a big manager puts over a big hit, he is immediately credited with the fact that his next presentation should be much greater. Should he fail to hand 'em something greater—good night!

actor is a big man when he happens to get a big part in it; and now that he has proved conclusively that he is actor, he must continue to do big things in order to be a big man. In other words, he must play only big big plays that are all big hits. Can you imagine the chance the young man has to get away with that? The author of plays is a big man every now and then. A man; a flivver—big dub. In any other profession

most fellows are failures before becoming successful. In the show game you've got to be successful before you fail.

It's a perfectly ridiculous thing for a man to feel that he is a big man in any branch of the business. No managers, no authors, no actors—no man or men have ever been able to tell how a play is going to be received until that old curtain has gone up and down several times. The Public will tell you how good you are. He is the little guy that really decides.

HE is a talkative chap, this Mister Public, but when he speaks he says something, and this is what he says: "It's a good show." And then again he'll say: "It's a punk show." And the funny part of it is that these wise guys

of the show business have to take his word for it.

The fact that for years I have kept to that course, following the public, should acquit me of having exaggerated notions about the size of my hat.

Some of my successes were due to accident—my peculiar style of eccentric dancing, for example. And I have a property man who is a stickler for detail, as a property man should be. Among his many duties in one of my plays was to fire, at a critical moment, a pistol in the wings. One night, as the crisis in the play approached, he discovered, to his great consternation, that the pistol had been misplaced. He made frantic search for it, of course. It was not to be found.

At last his cue came, spoken from the stage. In desperation he rushed into the second entrance, and in a voice that sounded like the explosion of an arsenal he shouted, "BANG!"

It was a scream in more senses than one. It went over fine with the audience. There and then that property man was signed up not only for the season but for life. I had to recognize resourcefulness like that.

The best thing about my autobiography, some critics said, was that it was brief. Others complained that I had too much to say about Broadway. That probably is a good criticism. I have been identified a lot with New York and Chicago and other fair-sized cities, but I'm for the small town, too. I have

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[DANCE AND STAY YOUNG]
[Continued from page thirty-three]

always said that the greatest hick town in the world is little old New York.

Year after year I was billed with The Four Cohans in the small places, and later in my own productions—and all many years before my name ventured to look out on the great waves of people that beat about Times Square.

Now I have never pretended to be the Boy that Made Broadway Bright. But I will say that millions of Americans, arrived in New York, recognize my name; that the years of early appearances in their home towns, plus the advertising I have spread over America, now make me almost certain of their patronage.

THEY know, too, that, whatever their creed, their Yankee Doodle Song-and-Dance Man is not going to tread on anybody's corns. They know that my performances will be clean; that while I like filthy lucre I don't get it at the price of filthy plays; and that they will escape religious or other problems in my productions.

For more than twenty-five years I have said and practiced this: first, get the goods; second, advertise them to beat the band; and, third, deliver them.

Printer's ink is the best business tonic in the world.

Liberal and repeated doses of printer's ink will banish even those red-ink regrets and bank-balance blues. When department-storeowners advertise, we do not call these people egoists. They praise their goods, and we go to see, and if we like the things we buy we go again and become steady customers. That's the way I have advertised. George M. Cohan is the only commodity I've had to sell, and I have not hesitated to spend money to sell it from one end of America to the other and in countries across the water.

I may have made mistakes, but persistency in advertising is not one of them.

Readers of Liberty of sufficient maturity will recall the persistent advertising of Wilson Whiskey before the war. Many years ago that brand received an unintentional but staggering blow at an evening's performance. It was in Baltimore. Terry McGovern was appearing in a piece called The Bowery After Dark. An agent for Wilson Whiskey called and asked to have the property man place a few Wilson signs in the barroom scene.

To this there was no objection. After the first act the agent came behind the scenes, greatly elated, saying his boss was out in front, and if the management would permit one of the comedians to mention Wilson Whiskey at a favorable opportunity the advertising would be complete. Incidentally, he said, it would mean a raise for him. The comedian was so instructed.

The third act showed a dive in Chinatown which McGovern entered in search of the kidnaped heroine. While searching, he came across a sideboard that was a small bar. The comedian here suggested a drink of Wilson Whiskey; and McGovern, true to the lines of the play, replied: "Not for mine; that's the stuff that's killed many a good one."

Advertising is more of a science now.

In the early days, when I was playing vaudeville with The Four Cohans, I supplemented what little income we had by writing jokes, songs, sketches, etc., for other performers. One of my employers in this line was Lew

Dockstader. From him I received fifteen dollars per week, and as I needed the money the minstrel arranged to have it sent to me regularly.

It came usually in the form of an express or post-office order. In one Western town it arrived on Saturday afternoon, and I had barely time to rush to the express office to get it cashed. They demanded identification. I had nothing with me to show who I was, and I wasn't much, at that. But I was a member of The Four Cohans, and the express official had seen our performance.

So, while the line looked on and the cashiers came to the window, I did my stuff. The identification was satisfactory and I got my order cashed.

Another time, while going a vaudeville turn in Boston, I wrenched my arm playing my favorite game, baseball. Twirling a baton was a feature of my act. I could not go on with that particular part, but tried to make up for it by giving them a double portion of dancing. But the manager deducted ten dollars from my week's salary.

Now, this seemed to me unjust, for the act had gone well. I refused to stand for the deduction, and had the manager brought into court. There he admitted that I had done more steps than my contract called for, but added that my contract called for bat-

ton twirling too, and that I was a great baton man but a bum dancer.

Naturally, this defense stirred me up, and I got my attorney to ask the judge and attorney for the defense to let me give a demonstration before the court. This was agreed to, space was cleared, and the plaintiff in the case pulled off a performance to the hearty satisfaction of both judge and jury. I won, got my ten dollars, and the manager had to pay the costs of court.

IN Marietta, Ohio, the opera house used to adjoin the town jail. In fact, the stage was actually connected by a doorway with the hold-over. When we arrived there to play Running for Office, we found a lack of dressing rooms. Our manager, Charles Vion, applied to the sheriff for use of whatever room the doorway led to. This proved to be a cell occupied for the moment by a thoroughly sober penitent who had been run in for being drunk.

Through Manager Vion the proposition was made to the sheriff that we would pay the fine for the right to use the room. This was agreed to and the conversion of the cell into a first-class dressing room immediately followed. That night from a box the cell's late occupant viewed the show as the guest of a grateful management.

I have often been asked why I don't write a highbrow play. Well, if I wrote one, assuming that I could, how would I ever live it down?

I stick to the field I find under my feet. I don't drag in outside stuff or foreign phrases. I've often said that the way to write a play is just to jot down everything you hear and then put it into some sort of a plot. I can't get my situations and successes out of books. My style of drama may drive a man to drink, but never to the dic-



That night from a box the cell's late occupant viewed the show.

tionary. I have cited several factors in success, viz., luck, work, and printer's ink. Another is sunniness—optimism.

A genuine optimist is one who believes in himself despite the facts.

There are various degrees of optimism, and many definitions. You know what T. R. said at the close of his career as President—that he'd had a bully time. I guess almost anyone could have a good time in the White House. But what T. R. said about being President I can say about my whole career. I've always enjoyed my work. From the start, I'd rather dance than eat—and sometimes I didn't have much choice in the matter. Often, even after I began to produce plays for myself, I'd find myself off in a corner, dancing for sheer joy.

Yet, as I have often said, dancing, in a sense, handicaps a really ambitious actor. One of the worst things an actor can do is to let the public know that he can dance. No matter what he may do, ever after they want the dance along with it. His ambition may be some day to appear in Shakespearean rôles, but if ever he does he will have to dance between the acts.

What is known as a fat part is seldom assigned to a man who can dance. The small part is handed to the dancer. He must dance it into a good part. The fat part will take care of itself.

Years ago I started to get away from dancing. I substituted some dialogue for a buck dance in one of our sketches. The manager kicked. However, I spoke the lines and did the dance at the same time. About this time I began writing songs, and I remember now how proudly I announced the fact that I would rather render one of my compositions. The manager sent back word that the song was all right but I should put a dance at the end of it. The Four Cohans were to play an engagement at Tony Pastor's Theater in New York City. When that Monday came I had a severe cold and could not speak above a whisper. We sent word to Mr. Pastor's representative that, owing to George Cohan's condition, it would be quite impossible for us to play the engagement. In less than twenty-four hours it was rumored about theatrical circles that George Cohan had broken a leg and would probably never be able to dance again!

REPEATEDLY I tried in many ways to induce the kind public to accept me for more than a dance. I danced my way from Maine to California and back again, and the public refused to allow me to make the trip in any other way. I tried my hand at long writing, composing, stage management; had gone so far as to enter into the business end of theatricals. I had written at least half a hundred one-act plays and produced successful musical comedies. I had appeared in the principal comedy parts, branched out as an individual star. Press and public were generously kind. The only fault the critics found was that

George Cohan didn't do enough dancing.

Some years ago I was doing a turn in a show where there was the best dancer of his time. He did some wonderful work and made but an ordinary success. I followed him two or three numbers later, did hardly any dancing at all, and brought down the house. He used to marvel at it; so did I. He was the real dancer.

At the time they called me the best dancer in America. I had practically done away with real dancing and was doing only unusual, eccentric things. Before that, when I really was a crackjack dancer, I was but one in a thousand.

IN a Hitchcock show were two teams of dancers of two boys each. Previously they had been in vaudeville, doing some wonderfully difficult steps. But nobody had heard of them. A few of the regular habitués of those shows knew them perhaps, but that was all. In the show we put them at doing bits of eccentric dancing which any child of the street could have learned in a week's rehearsal. Just as soon as their act came on the audience went wild. These boys made the hit of the piece and of their lives in something that was, to these splendid dancers, nothing but foolish child's play.

Curiously, the audience is not interested in watching the dancer's feet, if he has any magnetism at all. It is his face, his shoulders, his figure they look at. The most difficult steps are absolutely wasted, and the dancers, failing of appreciation, are discouraged. In disgust they do the odd, eccentric thing which has no art but which captures the public and brings the performers big reputation and money. It is said that the dancer's brains are in his feet, and as these men cannot invent new steps they prefer to dance for moving-picture concerns, or, better still, in rathskellers where actors and others who appreciate dancing gather and where their art will be recognized. Moreover, these men dance for the love of dancing rather than for the pay.

A dancer will think of a step for days before he tries it at all. He figures it out. Curiously, he can tell without trying whether a step can be done, so well does he know the laws of dancing. Or he can suggest it to another dancer as an invention, and the other will say, after pondering over it a bit, but without trying it: "It can be done" or "It cannot be done." And he's usually right. This is the practice in planning out what is called a routine of steps.

Not only must the step be feasible in itself, but it must harmonize with the steps that go before and that follow. A routine must be as logically constructed as a bit of music. Probably the most wonderfully thought-out series of steps are those of the buck dance.

The toe dance requires most practice of all and exacts most torture of the performer. A woman rushes on

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"Chic" Sale—The Specialist

discusses the

POSTAL SERVICE



POSTMAN NEWT seemed to take a delight in deliverin' bills and often seemed reluctant to hand you a letter from your boy or girl in the city. By the noise he made at your door you never could tell if he had a picture card, an ordinary two-center, an airmail or an airmail special delivery. It all was jest mean spirited on his part. Things went from bad to worse till folks started writin' to Washington to have Newt recalled.

Then one day Grandma White, returnin' good for evil, sez: "Newt, have some of these little chocolate candies?" Newt took 'em and ate 'em. Every day or so for a week Grandma gave him some.

Well sir, there ain't a finer postman in the country than Newt now. He delivers bills with regrets. He smiles when he has a regular letter. And you can tell by the noise he makes at the door whether you ought to rush out or jest let him drop your mail in the box.

"Chic" Sale

Ex-Lax tastes like delicious chocolate. But in it is concealed that scientific laxative ingredient, phenolphthalein, of the correct quality, in the correct proportion, in the correct dose.

Millions look for the familiar blue tin Ex-Lax box, because Ex-Lax checks on every point the doctor looks for in a laxative. At all druggists. 10¢, 25¢, 50¢, or send coupon for sample.

Keep "regular" with

EX-LAX

The Chocolated Laxative

FREE

SAMPLE of Ex-Lax and
"CHIC" SALE'S WELLS
CORNERS GAZETTE

Name

Address

City State

Mail this coupon to The Ex-Lax Co. P. O. Box 170,
Times Plaza Sta., Brooklyn, N. Y. L 1041

to the stage on her toes. She swishes and swirls and pirouettes so wonderfully that it looks as if her legs were twisted like a corkscrew. She will spring into the air and alight on the very tips of her toes as lightly as a cotton ball. To be able to do that very simple feat she had to begin when she was a little girl. She went through the process known as being "turned out." She was taught to walk on her toes pointing absolutely to right and left until she was able to do this quite as easily as walking naturally. She stood on her toes. This developed the muscles that ran down her legs to the very ends of her feet, making them enormously strong. And presently she could walk on her toes and keep her balance with as little difficulty as if walking naturally.

Skirt dancing is not in the same class with toe dancing or other difficult forms of the art. Swaying, moving with a rush from one side of the stage to the other, and waving draperies, or swirling great skirts with sticks under strong and varicolored lights until the audience is hypnotized into seeing something resembling a flower, is not dancing, in my opinion.

When I first played New York at Keith's Union Square Theater, my dancing was a revelation. They'd seen nothing like it. But the dancers took it up. Inside of a season they were all doing it, and a good many men who had scarcely been making their salt were put in the way of making good money. Surely the innovation was a godsend to a lot of dancers. I really think I had much to do with bringing in the eccentric dance, because I was the first who tried to get away from the standing-still dance.

WHEN, in an emergency in 1927, I decided to appear in The Merry Malones, I had not been under the discipline of regular stage dancing for thirteen years. For three or four weeks it was anything but pleasant. For a time I was in actual pain with a torn muscle. Finally, I capered through the performance buoyantly. Dancing had taken twenty-five years off my age.

The prevalent notion that dancing success is the reward of constant practice plus its unremitting stage application is one of those romantic myths on which I have never been nurtured. I hesitate to think how different a dancer I might have been had I used the last thirteen years in limbering.

Dancing has been a normal part of my life. When I stopped dancing, it was exactly like substituting prunes for grapefruit. I had changed my routine, as we say in the theater. And, as with the quinine in grapefruit, it took me a long time to find I needed certain ingredients to constitute a well balanced whole. Take the quinine from grapefruit and you have an orange. Take dancing away from me and you have a semicentenary.

But, in attributing a youthful outlook to the arduous job of racing round a rostrum, we cannot neglect another powerful factor—namely, vitality. It takes a person vital above the ordinary to keep pace with Father Time and to be on hand to pick up as they fall the opportunities he throws in your path. Vitality presupposes a strong stomach, which is an indispensable item; it makes you feel young, which is another.

Of course I never gave much thought to the years. They go quickly in an active career. But now that actually feel as I did in 1902, it may be interesting to start at the beginning of my toboggan into tiny-tot territory. Some folk may want to know how it is done. Vitality is the only hidden requisite.

The dancers on Broadway thought I kept in trim by going to a gym, but I did it by walking. Living in Atlantic City about nine months of the year promotes walking—that's all you do down there.

The only chance a fellow has got in New York to walk is to go up and do the reservoir in Central Park—and now that's gone. That's where the real walkers went, and it was surprising how many you saw up there. But you saw a lot who started at it strenuously, and you knew they were the ones who weren't going to be there next week. It was a mile and three-quarters around the reservoir. I used to do from seven to eight miles a day, and when I went to the ball game I walked up to the Polo Grounds or to the Stadium.

I AM sure that the combination of walking and dancing has kept me young. I have always walked, but doing a routine of steps eight or nine times a week during several months in 1928 lopped off a silver anniversary. They say a fellow has no right to do any violent dancing after forty. I feel fine.

I have asked the doctor what he thought about my dancing, and he told me to "go easy." Which means I am my own doc when it comes to methods of promoting youth. And none of this limbering up before a performance, like the youngsters in the company. All around you see the girls and boys back-bending, splitting, and going through a myriad contortions. I do none of this. I walk to the theater and walk home. This constitutes all the limbering I do.

In The Merry Malones I did two hard dances and four bits. I tossed out the liniment and took a shower after the performance. A simple remedy for discarding years. So simple, in fact, nobody ever thought of it before.

When the show opened I used to clutch at scenery and look for someone to lean on as I came off the stage.

My breathing faculties were excellent, but my legs crumpled beneath me. More than once I thought of adopting the limbering process of the other dancers. "Maybe," I said, "despite all my views to the contrary, they have the right idea."

I never thought I'd make the grade. It was a month of torture. Just when I had determined to try the before-the-play limbering gymnastics, my legs regained some of their old friendliness. They stopped aching just when I was ready to form into the limbering line at the back-stage wall.

My dancing included an eccentric dance I used to do years ago—a wall spin in which a turn is made in the air. This is a step up the proscenium and a complete twist before returning to the stage. It always was popular with audiences, yet I confess it was unpopular with me for several weeks. However, I kept at it until the trick didn't bother me any more.

Another article by Mr. Cohan, A Comedian Stops to Think, will appear in next week's Liberty.

Liberty now offers

\$100 to \$500

A piece

for Short Short Stories

THEY should be short enough to be printed in a single page of Liberty—the shorter the better, but in any case not over 2,000 words. One hundred dollars apiece will be the minimum price paid for any accepted and published. Five hundred dollars will be the maximum. Each story is to be judged solely on its merits.

All rights in such stories as are bought will be the property of Liberty, but any possible proceeds from book, picture, or dramatic rights will be divided with the authors on a fifty-fifty basis.

Otherwise the customary rules for submitting manuscripts will apply. Use one side of the paper only, and if possible use a typewriter, though legible handwriting will not be barred. All manuscripts are sent at the owner's risk. If you want rejected ones returned, inclose a stamped and addressed envelope—NOT MERELY STAMPS.

And when you send them address them simply to SHORT SHORT STORIES, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 1926 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Authors and Authoresses!

Please remember that if you do not inclose a stamped and addressed envelope with your manuscript we cannot return it to you or write you concerning its destiny. We are receiving an enormous number of short story manuscripts, and it has become necessary to enforce this rule very strictly.

We cannot undertake to enter into correspondence concerning these stories.

Ample Justification

A Short Short Story

(Reading time: 5 min. 25 sec.)

MRS. JOSEPHINE KENNEDY never had been a chorus girl or a night-club character. No editor or reporter had ever heard of her until her death.

Nor was Mr. James Allen Bryant—commonly known as Quick-Money Bryant—in any sense a popular person. If it hadn't been that the Gazette-News was fighting the city administration, the police could have beaten him up and welcome. But the Gazette-News yearned to embarrass the mayor and his police commissioner, and when Bryant was taken groaning in an ambulance from Police Captain O'Brien's office to the hospital it saw a chance to cut loose.

It demanded an investigation—so insistently that Commissioner Logan could not ignore it. But before deciding whether or not to prefer charges which might break one of the oldest and most competent police officials in the city, he sent for O'Brien.

The captain freely admitted that the newspaper story was approximately correct as to what had happened, although it had not contained anything remotely approaching the true explanation of why it had happened. There had been ample justification, O'Brien declared, and no one could say otherwise who knew the facts—which, however, so far as the general public was concerned, God forbid!

It had come about in this manner:

Two policemen brought Bryant into the captain's office.

"I've sent for you," Captain O'Brien said, "to hear what you've got to say about this death of Mrs. Kennedy."

The money lender looked about him for a chair and the captain snapped, "Nobody's told you you could sit down!"

Bryant smiled slightly, a smile which had in it neither warmth nor amusement. "Just as you say," he remarked easily, and turned back to face the captain. He was a big man, not bad-looking, carefully clothed. Wide-shouldered and browned by the sun of a not-at-all-particular golf club, he was a year or two under fifty.

"What do you want to know?" he asked. "There is no question as to that death. There were plenty of witnesses."

"What relations had you had with her?"

Bryant raised his eyebrows. "Relations with her?" he repeated. "I had never even heard of her."

"She asked for you when she came into your office."

"Many do," Bryant replied indifferently. "They never see me."

"So I've heard. Your offices are all run by women—women that nobody that's robbed can take a punch at."

"Robbed?" drawled Bryant. "You must have been misinformed."

"Robbed at ten per cent a month. Oh, yes, I know you get only the legal rate of interest and the rest of it is covered up as investigation fees and all that bunk. All right. You saw her while she was dying, didn't you?"

"Naturally. They called me from my private office."

"Hurt your feelings any to see her lying there?" Captain O'Brien demanded.

"It's not especially pleasant to see anyone dying of poison," the other replied.

"But it didn't gripe you any to know that she killed herself because of you and your dirty money sharking."



By
J. FRANK DAVIS

who was an Eastern newspaper man up to fifteen years ago, when he went to San Antonio, Texas, to live and to write fiction. He has been at it successfully ever since.

Bryant shrugged. "Why should it? I didn't ask her to borrow the money. Is this a personal conversation or has it got something to do with your job as a cop? If the last, then I'll say that I have violated no law, and that because a hysterical woman comes into my main office and kills herself is no reason why I

should be annoyed and inconvenienced by having to come down here."

Captain O'Brien sat back and looked him over.

"What a skunk you turned out to be!" he said.

"Look here, Mike—"

"Cap'n O'Brien to you, you bum!" the policeman snarled. Bryant spread his beautifully manicured hands in philosophical acceptance of this. "If you've any more questions to ask, I'll answer them," he said.

"You're damn' right you will!" exclaimed O'Brien. "And I'll ask them when I get ready. You're a fine ornament to society, with your white hands and your rotten heart! They say you've got close to half a million dollars—and what has it cost you, you crook!"

Quick-Money Bryant's eyes became a trifle harder, but otherwise there was no alteration in his face as he said, "Names break no bones."



"YOU'VE 'violated no law,'" mimicked the captain. "You mean you've never violated any law in a way that would get you pinched. But you've violated every law of decency, from the day you first threw up your job in the meat market and went to being a poolroom shark. And then a gambler—but always a sure-thing gambler; you never had guts enough to take a chance. And finally into this money-lending racket, taking away the last possessions of widows so they come begging for mercy and, when they can't get it, kill themselves in your office."

In his disgust and anger the captain rose. "You louse!" he cried. "And thirty years ago you had a decent family and a home."

"A home! That dump!" sneered Bryant.

"It was the dump your mother lived in. And what did it do to her when you became a common crooked gambler. It shortened her life ten years, that's what it did."

"Interesting, if true," the money lender said callously. "But what the hell did she ever do for me except beef and whine? She always was a crying old fool."

Captain O'Brien's right fist smashed into Bryant's face. He followed it with his left, his right. He struck with skill and strength, again and again, avoiding the jaw until the last, careful not to knock him out too soon.

"I don't say he didn't deserve it, Mike," rumbled Commissioner Logan, when the story was told. "But such a beatin' in your office—and with that paper cuttin' up a holler—I don't see how I can overlook it without more excuse than you've told me yet. He's all the things you said, but, after all, it isn't our business to half kill every crook that's been mean to his mother."

"It was my business, commissioner," Captain O'Brien said. "I suppose I've been saving them punches ever since the last time I spoke to him, and that's more'n twenty-five years. 'James Allen Bryant!' Ain't that a hell of a name for a man to call himself that was christened James Aloysius O'Brien? God knows I'm ashamed of it, but he's my brother."

THE END

CIVILIZATION'S PROGRESS by John Held, Jr.



Woman's Crowning Glory

The Curling Iron



Woman's Crowning Glory

...The Permanent

Some Classroom

A New FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

MISS WISE regarded the roomful of children and drew in her breath with deep resolution. The start of a new year! The children seemed as anxious as she to begin it right—but their little minds were rusty, and it had been long summer months since they had exercised concentration.

"We are going to have a short review," she announced thoughtfully, "and see who can remember the most from last year's work. Red Hancock, tell me who wrote Ivanhoe."

Red scratched his head with a puzzled expression.

"Now how could I forget that?" he frowned. "Great—Scott!"

"Good!" beamed Miss Wise, and her eyes sparkled with approval. If Red Hancock and Gwendolyn Smithers behaved themselves this year her life's work would be smooth indeed.

"Gee, I hope she doesn't ask me anything," she heard Gwen whisper to Red.

Promptly Miss Wise decided to scotch that.

"Gwen," she called, "who



This week's cover picture.

wrote A Tale of Two Cities?"

"Oh, the dickens!" ejaculated Gwen.

"Fine! Fine!" A smile of pleasure spread over Miss Wise's face and her faded blue eyes beamed with appreciation. No, this wasn't going to be so bad. She noticed that Gwen put her hand behind her back and swiped something off Red's desk. But no need to speak of that—let it pass.

"Joe Peters, do you know anything about nitrates?"

Joe shook his abashed and dull little head, but Gwen's hand shot up in the air.

"Well, what about nitrates, Gwen?" Miss Wise nodded to her most unruly pupil.

"My father says they are a lot cheaper than day rates, Miss Wise," said Gwen, with a saintly expression that endured even when the rest of the class giggled.

"That isn't a bit funny, Gwendolyn," Miss Wise bit her lip to hold her temper. "Now you can answer another. What was the date of the signing of the Declaration of Independence?"

Gwen edged backward so that she might nudge Red, who immediately whispered the answer. "Seventeen seventy-six," repeated Gwen, with a sigh of relief.

"Now, I distinctly heard someone whisper," the teacher protested. "Who was it prompted you?"

"Oh, nobody." Gwen shook her head until her curls bounced. "I guess it was just history repeating itself."

Miss Wise flushed and something of the light of hope died out of her nearsighted eyes. "Mary Watkins," she directed wearily, "who is our President?"

"Mr. Herbert Hoover," the best girl in the class answered prissily. "And he is to serve a four-year term."

"Maybe he'll get something off for good behavior," piped Gwen.

"Gwendolyn Smithers!" Miss Wise smacked her ruler on her desk. "One more word out of you and I'll send you to the principal. Now, Johnny Manners, go to the blackboard and see if you can do this sum. . . ."

Gwen propped a big book on her desk and retired behind it with a studious bend of her head. Miss Wise noticed a series of protesting gestures from Red Hancock, who sat behind Gwen, but she felt it safer to ignore the byplay. She didn't know that Gwen was concentrating on a very special sum of her own—writing it out for Red's edification, to show him what he would get from the lollipop she had just swiped from his desk. . . .

(Next week's cover adventure: Dust to Dust.)



Going to your office

Going to the theatre

Going anywhere

You will enjoy its
refreshing flavor

L168

IF YOU

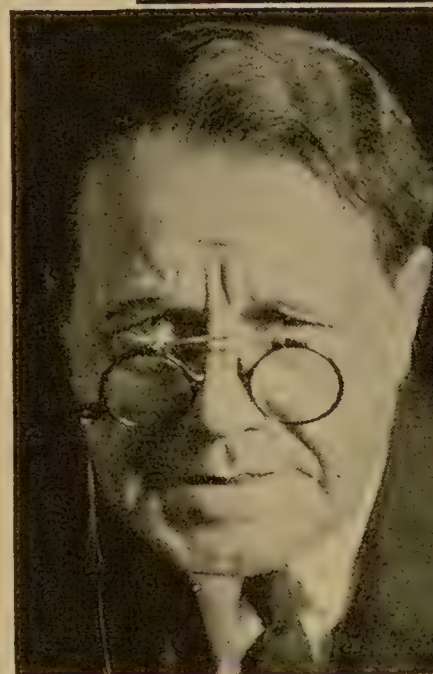
ARE NEVER

CROSS

YOU

DON'T

NEED



NYAL
SALTS

The cost of constipation runs into millions. When you are "out of sorts" the whole world looks that way. It injures your good business judgment. Don't take the risk—take NYAL Salts, keep your system open and be a "regular" fellow. Pure, guaranteed and only 65c for the large size.



Sold only at

NYAL SERVICE DRUG STORES

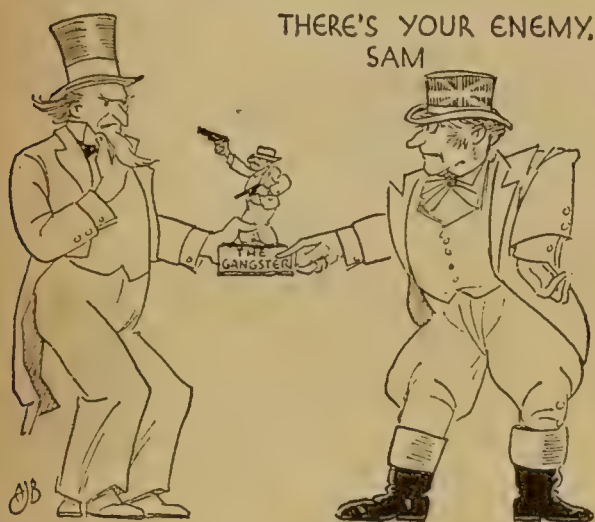
You can trust the judgment of a
NYAL Druggist—he won't deceive you



Call for Fighters in the War After the War

VERDUN, P. Q., CAN.—As an Englishman residing in Canada, it seems to me that your magazine is the only one in America that is not afraid of revealing the truth, whether for or against America or its ideals.

There is one thing I would like to ask and that is: Where are all these won-



derful American soldiers that we of the British Empire hear so much about? Our hats are off to the gallant ones who sacrificed their life for their country and to the ones who gave their limbs and health, but where are the men now in the prime of life?

If they were such brave young fighters during the Great War, why are they now allowing gangsters and racketeers to rule their great country? Are they going to back out when their country, for which their brothers and fathers died, is being overrun by an enemy who is a million times more sinister and cruel than Germany ever was?

I do not, in referring to your soldiers, mean it in a tone of sarcasm but merely as a challenge to these so-called hundred-per-cent Americans we meet from time to time who are always boasting of their winning the Great War instead of going out to win the worst war the U. S. A. has ever faced.—A. W. S.

Triangular Debate on the Business of Governing

MONTREAL, P. Q., CAN.—There was a wealth of hard common sense in your editorial entitled "The Business of Governing." What we commonly term "big business men" do not take enough interest in politics, either in the United States or Canada.

Can you imagine a Pierpont Morgan or a Rockefeller—or many more men of such type—giving up his time in the rôle of alderman in the city of New York? I cannot—yet until men of such type are willing to do so, they need not expect the rising generation of business men to do so.—John Maxwell.

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Your editorial, "The Business of Governing," justifies the

severe criticism you state was received from some of your friends, after you had recommended that the business men of the country should represent the main governing force.

The purpose of most business men is to make money. Any means accomplishing that end finds justification. Their methods are not subject to public scrutiny and whatever wrongs they commit in their business activities are secreted in their own consciences unless, of course, they are of so flagrant a nature as to demand the attention and action of public prosecution officials.

Were the average successful business man to apply and adopt the same methods in holding public office which he uses in making a success of his business, his tenure of service as a public official would be infinitely brief and be followed by a much longer term as a guest of some political subdivision.—Joseph Ungar.

WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.—I heartily agree with the editorial in which you made the point that the business of governing should be controlled not for big business but by business men.

After all, running a state or national government is business—Big Business—the kind that it takes a hard-headed business man to handle.

The business man has learned the lesson of bad times. He has learned ways of saving money that the ordinary man would never see. You can't be wrong.—G. R.

An Author Answers

BAYSIDE, L. I.—The anonymous letter writer in Larchmont, N. Y., who took me to task in Vox Pop for exaggerating the facts of the German air raid on Walthamstow, England, published in Liberty of August 22, under the title, "The Murder Ship in the Sky," could not have been anywhere near that town on the night in May, 1915, when the first Zeppelin over British soil poured down its rain of death and destruction, or he (or is it she?) would be willing enough to acknowledge "the nightmare of the raid" as all of that and a great deal more. Evidently "A Walthamstowite" is absurdly prejudiced in favor of his (or her) drab little native spot.

"Ireland," says George Bernard Shaw, "is the greatest country in the world; it must be because I was born there." What is this curiously egoistic blindness which makes people born by chance in some odd corner of the earth rise up on the slightest provocation to declare that particular corner better than any other?

There are, I'll admit, many small

Vox

places on England's map less colorful and some less habitable than Walthamstow.

But if that place is, as "A Walthamstowite" avers, "one of London's prettiest suburban towns," then sordid Limehouse is sparkling Mayfair and British braggadocio is unbiased philosophical statement.—Perriton Maxwell.

Triumphant Result of Deep Thinking

CINCINNATI, OHIO—I've put in a lot of work, thinking about the good things in Liberty.

Finally I've decided that the best thing about your magazine is that the cover comes off as soon as I pick it up.—Clyde Reed.

There Seems to Be a Difference of Opinion Here

SAN JOSE, CALIF.—Just a word of praise for Robert Benchley. What amusing articles this gentleman writes! Does anyone ever complain about his stories?

Some "mugs" would, I guess, but they must be very few.

Keep it up. Your magazine is worth five times the present price, if a Benchley article is included.—Jerry Bell.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—No doubt you people have smarter men, as critics, than I, but, in my humble opinion, "The Real Public Enemies," by Robert Benchley, was shallow.

How a writer can think of all those petty grievances against inanimate objects, the source of which is the writer's own clumsiness, awkwardness, and



dumbness, write an essay about them, and, I presume, get paid for it, is more than I can figure out. This may be due to my diminutive comprehension. At any rate, I wouldn't have bothered to publish such a foolish article.

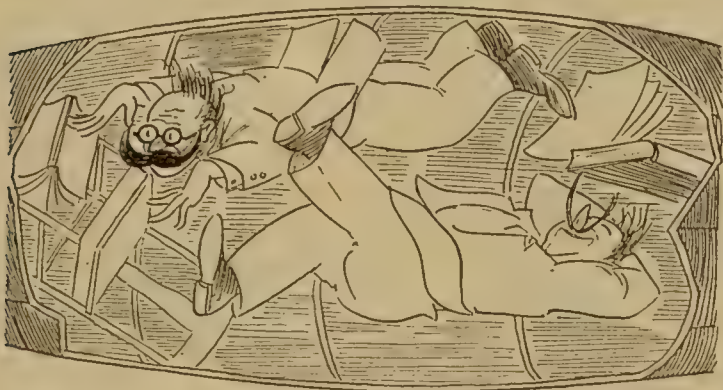
If this kind of literature is all that Mr. Benchley is capable of, I suggest that someone show him a pile driver. He would be sure to get his head on top of the pile just in time for the hammer to make contact.

This is, of course, just a suggestion. You may have a better remedy.—A. D. Brown.

Pop

Good Old Gravity!

VANCOUVER, B. C., CAN.—I've just come to the end of Rutherford Mac-Mechen's article, "Rockets—the New Monsters of Doom." In his Earth-to-Mars rocket, when the pull of gravity ceases the scientists and everything in the rocket will be lighter than feathers.



If one scientist addresses another he will blow him away and fall backwards himself.

If anyone takes a step the pressure of his foot will make him float to the ceiling, just as a shove will send an inexperienced skater sliding helplessly over the ice. If a glass of water is lifted the liquid will float out like smoke, only more quickly. Knives, forks, papers, chairs, and tables, on being moved, will keep on slowly ricocheting about in straight lines until arrested in mid-air by friction.

If the scientists wish to do things they will have to crawl about like apes or swim in the air like fish.

Their muscles, lungs, hearts, stomachs and brains will act very peculiarly and their mathematical calculations will certainly bear checking. Their hair will stand on end and their eyes and features will be distorted. Somebody should write a nightmare thriller about it.

Mr. MacMechen says to watch for this—that it is coming! You can count me out!—D. H. S.

An Authority Cracks Sylvia's Egg Knowledge

TARRYTOWN, N. Y.—An old friend of mine, and former President of the American Poultry Association, calls my attention to Sylvia's parting shot at the American egg, in "A Masseuse Looks at the Stars." Sylvia stated that an egg is O. K. when less than twenty-four hours old, but that any egg over twenty-four hours old isn't there any more. She further added that it is "practically impossible to obtain an egg that has not lain in cold storage anywhere from ten weeks to ten years."

Sylvia may know her racket, so let her persuade the Hollywood Indians to establish private chicken farms with trained hens that will come into the master's gold-lined breakfast room and

lay an egg in his egg cup while he is saying grace.

But the rest of us 120-odd million Americans will continue to eat eggs as is, without regard to what Sylvia knows about eggs and eggonomics. Take, for instance, that invariable ten weeks of minimum storage. How come, when for about half of each year the price of eggs is on the upgrade and any producer or dealer who didn't rush his eggs to market as fast as he could would be as dumb as a child who swaps a dime for a nickel because the nickel is bigger?

That debunks half of Sylvia's eggology. As for the ten years' maximum storage, it happens to cost money to keep cold storages cold, to say nothing of interest on the investment and depreciation of the eggs.

Eggs are never stored longer than from the spring season of low price to the fall and early winter season of higher price simply because it is economic suicide to attempt it.

No one claims that a storage egg is as good as a fresh one, but even without cold storage it happens that an egg will keep from two to three weeks and can then be put into an incubator and hatch out a healthy chicken.

Nature's processes of producing life are a lot more susceptible to any bio-chemic deterioration of food nutrients than even a Hollywood actor's stomach. So Sylvia's nutritional science is too bad to even make good bunk.

In defense of my authority to debunk Sylvia's eggology, may I state that I am Food Editor of Physical Culture Magazine and that, when I was formerly employed as a scientist in the Department of Agriculture at Washington, I made a survey of the nation's egg trade for Uncle Sam.—Milo Hastings.

College Husbands and College Wives

CHICAGO, ILL.—I have just finished reading "The College Wife," by Judge Ben B. Lindsey. It's a dandy. The Judge sure knows his stuff when it comes to marriage. Good stuff! Let's have more, more, more like it.—Doc.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Just a few lines on "The College Wife," by Judge Lindsey. Most of the students in colleges are too young to think seriously about matrimony. For another large group it is an economic impossibility.

Many others are not even interested. Quite a few are waiting for the right person to turn up. Most girls will marry in college if they can find a man who is wealthy, but, unfortunately, there are not enough of these to go around.

The social life as it exists in colleges

today has no place for married students. Unfortunately they suffer from this ostracism and miss a great many things. Wrong, perhaps, but just try and change an established convention of that sort. Among those that married while going to school the majority agreed that it was not the thing to do.—J. A. M.

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Speaking from experience, I know every word Judge Ben B. Lindsey wrote is the truth. Being married while attending college, I was able to put into, and get out of, my studies values that my classmates had not time to enjoy. While they were worried and excited about dates, clothes, and week-ends, I was able to study and work hard and accomplish things in the serene knowledge that the mad rush for popularity was over; and that I was working hard for someone who was working hard for me.

It is high time parents awoke to the fact that college students are no longer immature children, but healthy men and women, and that only harmful results can come from the stifling of the sex forces.—Ex-College Wife.

The Boiled Shirt Makes the Man, but Not the Woman

SHREVEPORT, LA.—In "To the Ladies!" Princess Alexandra Kropotkin advises the ladies to waste no pity on men because of the discomfort of their formal evening clothes, adding that men won't wear anything different even when they get the chance, and that men are "fraid cats" when it comes to being conspicuous.

We men do not want any pity from the ladies, and, what's more, I have yet



to hear a man say he was uncomfortable in evening clothes. And, on top of that, I have heard several ladies say they wished they could wear men's clothes. They try to do so literally, but don't have any luck where a *he-man* is concerned.

It is the ladies who are to be pitied.

Mere man is not troubled with the fear of "nothing to wear" when a social occasion presents itself.—Nate Mehl.

DOG ROBBER

*The Story of a
Soldier's Farewell*

By

LOUIS ADAMIC

Pictures by EDGAR MCGRAW

(Reading time: 13 minutes 45 seconds.)

SOMEHOW, every time I think of Hicks a shudder runs through me, and frequently I can't help thinking of him. Sometimes I suddenly awake at night and find myself trembling, with recollections of Hicks—and especially of his last act—throbbing in my brain. But for him, I and eight other men, most of whom, I think, are also still living, would probably have been dead thirteen years ago.

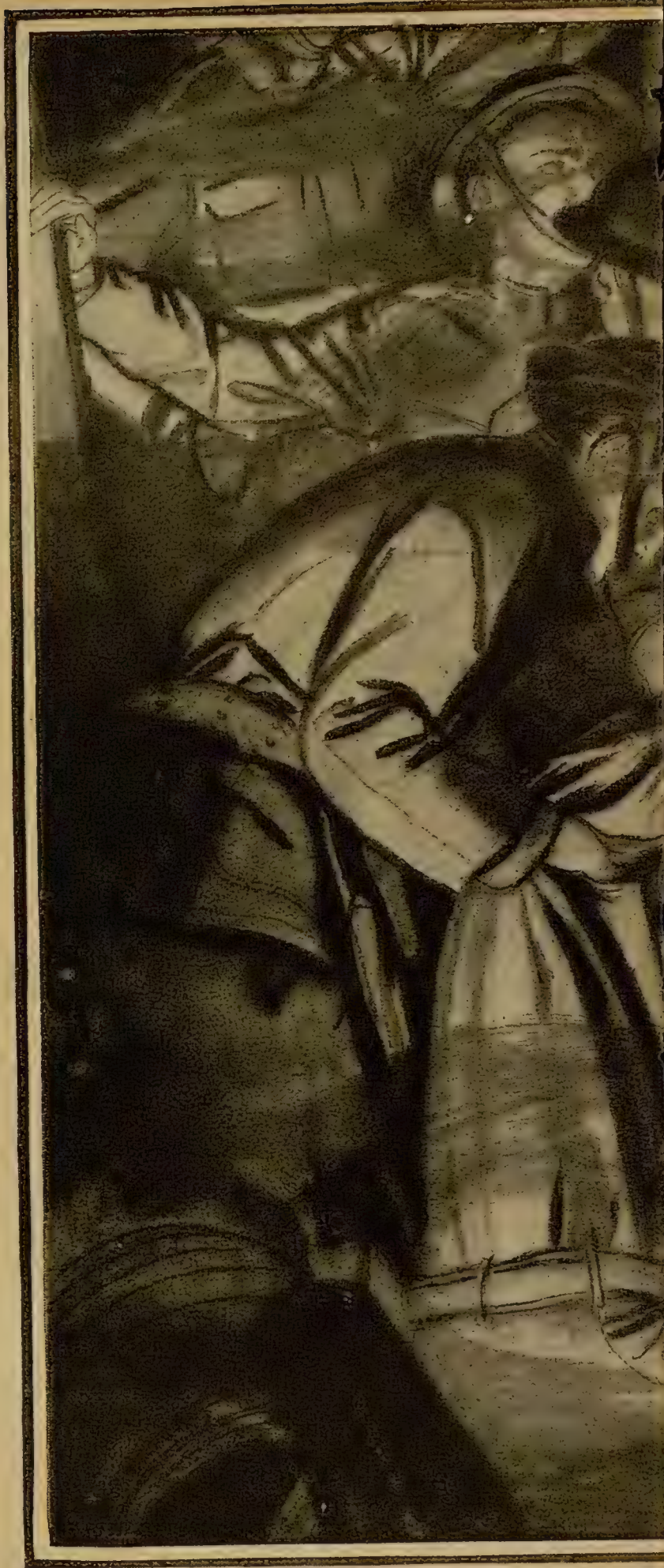
Hicks—Eddie Hicks—was a private in Company M, —th Infantry, the outfit of which I was a member through most of the war. In appearance he was the most unsoldierly man in the regiment, possibly in the entire A. E. F. He had enlisted for the duration of emergency a few weeks after the United States entered the war, when the recruiting officers, as the phrase went, "took in almost anything." How he passed the examination for overseas service, however, is more than I can explain. By rights, when the outfit went over in the summer of 1918, he should have been transferred to some noncombatant group and retained in the United States.

He was a sort of caricature of a soldier: small, thin, misshapen, painfully inadequate—or at least inadequate-seeming. Most of the men in the company considered him ridiculous and funny. They openly laughed at him. Men from other companies in the regiment would ask us: "Who's that goof you got in your outfit?"

Hicks' right leg was fairly straight, while his left one was definitely knock-kneed, which made it difficult for him to bring his heels together—a most serious fault in a soldier. He could not walk straight. He had an oblique amble, which invariably provoked a smile on the face of anyone who saw him for the first time.

He was the object of the drill sergeant's most elaborate and fiercest profanity. Marching at attention in close-order drills, he seemed unable to carry his rifle at the prescribed angle. Hiking at route step, he appeared to be in ceaseless danger of walking into the ditch on the left-hand side of the road. In bayonet drills, charging a dummy, when he was required to look ferocious and blood-thirsty, he provoked loud guffaws on the part of the rest of the company.

His hips were wider than his shoulders, and more of his chest was under his shoulder blades than in front. He had a long, veiny neck with an extremely active Adam's apple. When idle, his big hands and thin long arms did not seem to belong to him. He was always painfully self-conscious and awkward, except when he was doing something. He loved to work, and at some



Two of our men were killed and one wounded

of the ordinary laboring tasks he was very efficient.

His usual manner was that of a half-scared mongrel dog eager to please and be friendly. One could easily imagine him wagging a tail. Oppressed as he was by a terrible feeling of inadequacy and inferiority, he seemed constantly to be trying to apologize for his existence. He was happiest when everybody left him alone—which was not often. He was the butt of more jokes and wise cracks than any other man in the outfit. He endured all the laughter at his expense the best he knew how: by grinning and pretending not to hear it.

He had a longish, unsymmetrical face, with a narrow, pointed chin; loose, rather thick lips, which failed to conceal his uneven yellow teeth; large ears, one of which seemed bigger than the other; and nice, mild blue-gray eyes, which on occasions when someone was friendly and halfway decent to him illumined his whole face and made it almost attractive. His narrow, tallish forehead sloped



That Hicks wasn't either killed or wounded seemed a miracle to me. He did more work than anyone else.

gently upward from the bushy, uneven eyebrows. His thinning, stiff hair would not stay combed, no matter how much he greased it.

As company clerk, I learned from Hicks' service record that he hailed from Newark, New Jersey, and was thirty years of age. At the recruiting depot he had given "janitor" as his trade, and when once I asked him where he had been a janitor, he explained, in his shy, stuttering way, that for many years he had made his living, in the summertime, by watering and mowing lawns in a residential section of Newark, and in the winter by tending furnaces in a number of homes.

He had no relatives or dependents anywhere. On enlisting he had given, for entry in the service record, a name and address in Newark which he claimed were those of a friend whom he wanted to be notified in case he died in the service; but both the name and the address, I believe, were fictitious—for when, after his death, the

company commander wrote there, the letter was returned, "Unclaimed."

Of his early life I know nothing save that he was born in Newark and graduated from a public school there; which information I also found in his service record. When he first came to the company I asked him a few personal questions, but after a while I recognized that it was hard for him to talk of himself. One's curiosity bewildered him, and he began to blush and stutter and stammer.

Shortly before the outfit went overseas, the first sergeant recommended to the company commander that he make Hicks his striker, or "dog-robber," as a striker or officer's servant is more or less contemptuously called by other soldiers. "The man is not fit for regular duty, sir," he said.

The captain said all right, and Hicks became a "dog-robber."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

DOG-ROBBER

[Continued from page forty-three]

robber." Later the lieutenants in the company asked him to be their striker too.

He made an excellent dog-robber. As such he was excused from most military duties. We made him also a sort of orderly for the company headquarters. When not busy taking care of the personal needs of the three officers, he hung around the company office tent or dugout (depending on whether we were behind the lines or at the front), holding himself in readiness to be of service to anyone who might tell him to do something. I saw a great deal of him—an infinitely good pathetic soul.

MOST of us in the headquarters group, including the officers, treated him rather decently, and he developed toward all of us a simple, doglike devotion. I believe he was happy trying to anticipate our needs and wishes. He almost made himself a dog-robber to me and the top sergeant. I had to discourage him from this servility. "Oh, that's all right, corporal," he would say. "I like to do it."

In France, some of the men in the company—the more ignorant and thoughtless ones—began to make fun of Hicks because of his palpable inexperience with girls. They urged him to go on a pass and make love to some French girl, and even proposed to help him date one up. I know that in the few months that we spent in the drill area, preparatory to going to the front, Hicks was immensely miserable on this account. The first sergeant and I tried to stop some of this cruel kidding, but with little success.

Later, however, when we finally got into the trenches toward the middle of the fall in 1918, the fun-making at Hicks' expense immediately diminished. We were given to occupy a comparatively quiet section on the Meuse-Argonne front; but even so we were shelled every few days. And Hicks stood the first bombardment that the outfit experienced as well as any of us, perhaps better than most of us. He doubtless was scared to an unmentionable point, but kept his fear well under control. Which gained him considerable respect both among the noncoms and the privates. The company commander appointed him a first-class private.

After Hicks got used to life in the trenches he would ask me every few days: "Did you hear anything, corporal?"

"What do you mean?"

"Are we going over soon? D'you think we'll see some action?"

"I don't know," I said. "I hardly think so. Why?"

Then he would usually blush and get too flustered to say anything else.

Thinking about him, I imagined he was anxious to get into action and either excel himself in fighting or get killed or wounded, or both excel himself as a soldier in war and become a casualty. I began to feel that life meant very little to him.

One night, after we had been at the front for about a week, another noncom and I were detailed to take half a dozen men each and repair the wire entanglements along our line of trenches which had been torn up by German shells early that morning. We could pick the men.

When Hicks heard of the detail, he came to me and, in his timorous way, begged me to take him along. "You won't be disappointed, corporal," he said.

To repair the entanglements was no great job in itself, but it took us most of the night. We were all frightfully green, and then, too, every few minutes the area would be swept by enemy machine-gun fire.

Two of our men were killed and one was wounded. That

Hicks wasn't either killed or wounded seemed a miracle to me. He did more work than anyone else, and when the machine guns began to rattle he usually ducked into a shell hole or threw himself prone upon the ground only when I hissed at him or pulled him down bodily. He suffered only a few scratches on his hands from the wires.

Thereafter, of course, Hicks was no longer kidded by anybody. Even the crudest and the most unthinking of the men in the company began to respect him, almost defer to him, although he still continued to be the officers' dog-robber, and turned red from the roots of his straggly hair to his collar bone when a Salvation Army woman came into the trenches and gave us each a few doughnuts. They no longer called him by the comical nicknames they had given him back in the United States.

Hicks deeply appreciated my taking him along on the wire-entanglement detail.

It had given him a chance to show that he was no mere dog-robber, unfit for other duty; indeed, that he probably could be as useful in warfare as anyone. His devotion to me during the ensuing week often embarrassed me, and to keep him from making a nuisance of himself with his eagerness to do things for me, I had to be almost rude to him.

"I hope I can do something for you some day," he said on one occasion. "Oh, forget it, will you?" I said, annoyed.

We were in those trenches for two weeks.

The day before we were relieved, the line was quiet for miles on either side of us.

In the afternoon, eight of us were in our company headquarters dugout. We were the company headquarters group, waiting for the captain to return from the company commanders' meeting at the regimental dugout, which was somewhere behind the line. Several candles and a lantern burned in the place.

Two of the men were officers. The first lieutenant sat at the improvised desk in the corner near the entrance. I think he was writing a letter. The second lieutenant leaned against a wall near him, leisurely rolling a cigarette.

The other six were enlisted men. The top sergeant and I sat on the bunk nearest the desk. The "top" had a pad on his knee, making out a detail. I was typing a report on the small portable machine which I had on my knees. On another bunk, across the dugout, were the supply and mess sergeants. I forget what they were doing; possibly playing cards.

On the third bunk sat Hicks, alertly watching for an opportunity to be of some service or assistance to someone. And not far from him, toward the center of the dugout, was the company bugler, a lad in his later teens, tying up his pack on the floor.

AS the second lieutenant finished rolling his cigarette, Hicks jumped up from his bunk and, striking a match, lit the cigarette for him.

"Thanks, Hicks," said the lieutenant.

I looked up from my typewriter just as Hicks put out the match, but I had been vaguely aware of the whole scene around me for several minutes before.

Then the captain entered.

"Well, we'll be out of here at six in the morning," he said. Then he turned to Hicks. "Hicks—" he began. I imagined he was going to send him on an errand.

"Yes, sir," said Hicks. He was on his feet to take the captain's order.

But before the captain could say another word, the young bugler, who was kneeling on the floor busy with his equipment, let out a yell. I looked at him. I suppose everybody else looked at him.

Then he jumped up and stood in the middle of the dug-



out with a large service grenade—a "pineapple," as we were beginning to call them—in his right hand. He was terror-stricken.

As it appeared later, in getting together his equipment, the boy—a mere recruit with scarcely any instruction in handling grenades—had taken the thing from its safety container and at the same time accidentally withdrawn the little safety pin.

As little as he knew about grenades, he knew that with the safety pin removed the grenade would explode within seven seconds!

Now, in his terror, instead of tossing it out of the dugout, which he conceivably could have done, he let out another scream and dropped the grenade on the floor.

All this occurred, perhaps, in less than three seconds.

Then someone else, realizing the danger, let out a shout. But before I could even turn around I was knocked back and across the bunk by a terrific explosion.

The first thing that I thought of, lying in that smoke-filled, stinking hole, and with that awful din ringing in my ears, was how funny it was that it hadn't killed us all. Instead, here was a man (who turned out to be the top sergeant), apparently alive, on top of me, and I heard voices and groans all over the place.

Those of us who weren't hurt or stunned ran out and saw that, although without a cut, we were spattered with blood all over.

ALL the lights in the dugout had, of course, been extinguished by the explosion. By and by we went back into the dugout and relit a few candles.

None of the men, it turned out, was seriously injured—except Hicks: and he was blown to pieces.

It was some time before we fully realized just what had happened. And it was, briefly, this: As soon as the bugler had dropped the "pineapple,"

Hicks yanked the steel helmet off his head and quickly threw it on the grenade, simultaneously hurling himself on the helmet. Then, a second later—or perhaps only a fraction of a second—the thing went off!

With his body and his helmet Hicks had partly muffled and restrained the explosion, and in all probability saved our lives.

For several minutes none of us could talk. I remember that I shook all over, as did most of the others. The second lieutenant, unlike the first, had not been stunned by the explosion, but now he suddenly swooned into the arms of the supply sergeant. For a moment I thought that I would pass out myself.

THEN someone said, "Jesus!" in a low, gasping voice. Then again, louder: "Jesus!" It was the young bugler whose inexperience and carelessness had caused the explosion.

He sat on his rolled pack on the floor, the upper part of his body swaying in a sort of desperation.

Then there was another long silence. Other

men who had not been in the dugout when the explosion occurred began to come in.

"Poor Hicks!" said the captain, finally, wiping Hicks' blood off his face with a handkerchief. "He's all over the place!"

Whereupon the first sergeant burst out in hysterical laughter.

"Dog-robber!" he began to shout. "We made 'im a dog-robber! Hicks, by God . . . a dog-robber!" And then he swooned, too. The captain caught him in his arms.

We were all so new to the actualities of war.

I shook for days after we had been relieved and were billeted in a quiet village many miles away from the line. . . . And, as I have said, I still shudder whenever I think of Hicks and what he did.

THE END



LOUIS
ADAMIC

the author of this story, was born in Yugoslavia thirty-two years ago and came to the United States in 1913. He served in the American army during the war, and has been writing since 1927.

Bright Sayings of Children

Liberty will pay \$5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

That Grain of Salt

Little John, whose father was a preacher, attended an Epworth League meeting with his parents.

During the meeting his father was called upon to make a short talk. On the way home after the meeting John said to his mother:

"Mother, was daddy telling the truth or just preaching?"—Margaret Williamson, 821 N. Bloodworth St., Raleigh, N. C.

* * *

The Next Move

After catching our little boy, who had almost fallen off his chair, I was thinking that if I hadn't caught him, he would

now be crying. I said to him, "What would you be doing now, sonny, if mother hadn't caught you?"

He quickly replied, "I would be getting up."—Mrs. Forest Clarke, Hamburg, Mo.

* * *

Hadn't Failed Yet

My small son brought home a paper almost every day with a mark under average in arithmetic.

The other day he announced, with a broad grin on his face, that he was doing better, with this explanation: "I know I'm doing better, because teacher says I'm doubtful now."—Nelson Huntley, 29 Wolcott St., Portland, Me.



**TOUGH
BEARD?**

Quick! **HAND ME
MENNEN**

IF NATURE has given you a tougher-than-average beard, you need a shaving cream that is *especially made* for tougher-than-average work.

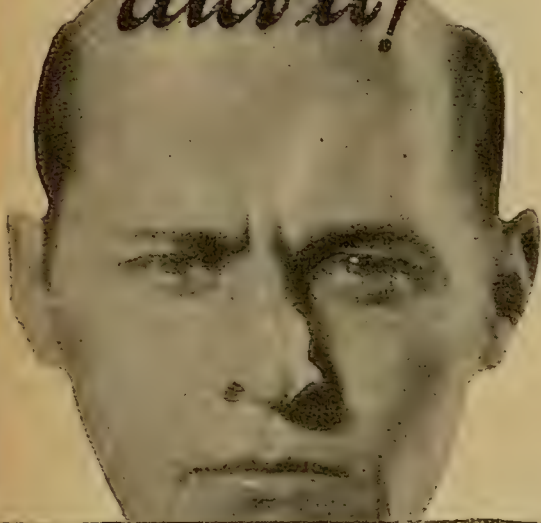
The shaving cream that's "made for tough beards" is Mennen. It contains specially processed tristearin: $(C_{18}H_{35}O_2)_3C_3H_5$. That ingredient builds "tough beard" lather . . . It's a lather which wilts *any* beard quickly and completely. That's the point: the hair is *completely limp* when the razor starts to cut. Therefore, your blade just sails through. No yank. No pull. No scratch. You get a smooth, clean shave—in COMFORT.

MENNEN FOR MEN

Mennen Shaving Creams • 2 kinds: Original and Menthol-Iced. Now in two sizes: 35c & 50c • Mennen Talcum for Men • Mennen Skin Bracer—the new after-shave lotion with a refreshing, masculine scent.



Dandruff did it!



End dandruff before dandruff ends your hair. Remove every speck of it easily, quickly, with a single application of Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo. If you don't believe you have dandruff, try the finger-tip test: gently scratch your scalp and look at your finger-nails.

Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo has never failed in 37 years of increasing sales. As good for women as for men. Rinses clean in hard or soft water. No acid rinse needed.

Try Fitch's today. At all barber and beauty shops, drug and department stores.

Send for free trial size and booklet

Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo

F. W. FITCH CO., Des Moines, Iowa

Send me generous free trial package and

32 page booklet "Your Hair and Scalp."

L 2-0

Name.....

Address.....
(In Canada: 266 King St., W., Toronto)

EARACHE!

Stop earache with Earakine. Applied in outer ear it—

- (1) Stops the pain quickly.
- (2) Relieves congestion—helps running ears,
- (3) Softens wax. (Hardened wax is a frequent cause of temporary deafness.)

Earakine is a safe, reliable and effective remedy. Used by many physicians in their practice. Sold at all drug

USE stores or by mail—50¢.
C. S. Dent & Co., Detroit.

EARAKINE

LUCKY TIGER

For Hair and Scalp!



A single application stops that miserable itching. A single bottle corrects scalp irritations. A Proven Germicide, delicately perfumed, safe for both adults and children. World's largest seller at Druggists, Barbers, Beauty Parlors.

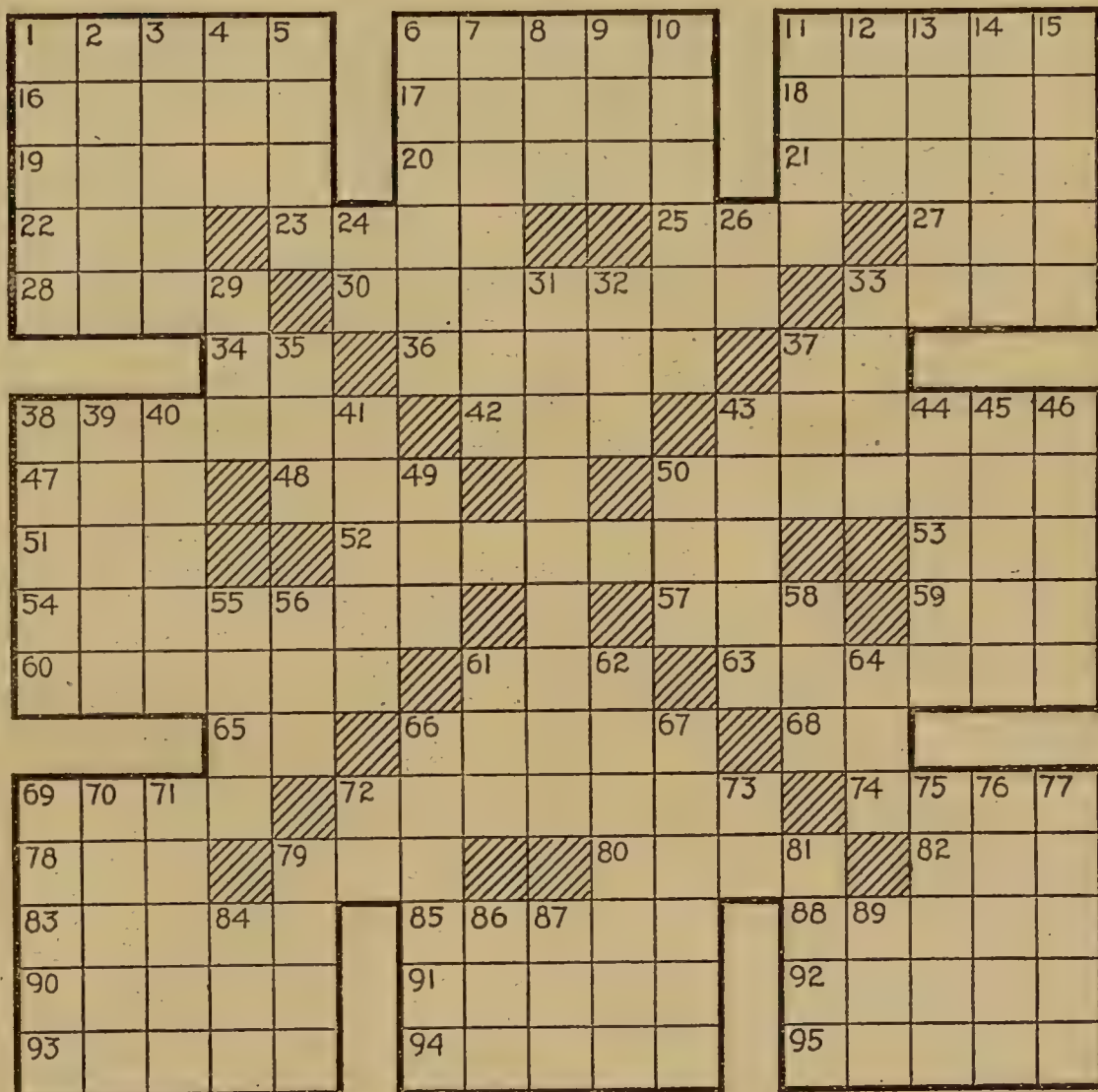
GUARANTEED

EARN MONEY AT HOME

YOU can make \$15 to \$50 weekly in spare or full time at home coloring photographs. No experience needed. No canvassing. We instruct you by our new simple Photo-Color process and supply you with work. Write for particulars and Free Book to-day.

The IRVING-VANCE COMPANY Ltd.
142 Hart Building, Toronto, Can.

Two Puzzles for



HORIZONTAL

- 1 Student in training for naval service
- 6 Chief genus of the dog family
- 11 American writer
- 16 Over
- 17 Woman's name
- 18 Mountain nymph
- 19 Acted irrationally
- 20 Saltpeter
- 21 Vapid from age
- 22 Character in Peer Gynt
- 23 Glut
- 25 Witty saying
- 27 Put on
- 28 Trial
- 30 Species of lizard
- 33 Part of a camera
- 34 While
- 36 City in Kansas
- 37 Partake of reality
- 38 Vassals
- 42 German numeral
- 43 Cremation formerly practiced by Hindus
- 47 Label
- 48 Greek letter
- 50 Heavy coats
- 51 Corroded
- 52 Monk
- 53 No
- 54 Stinging or prickling sensation (plural)
- 57 Lamprey
- 59 Compass point
- 60 To impose as a necessary accompaniment
- 61 And so forth
- 63 Walk unsteadily
- 65 Pronoun
- 66 Begins a water voyage

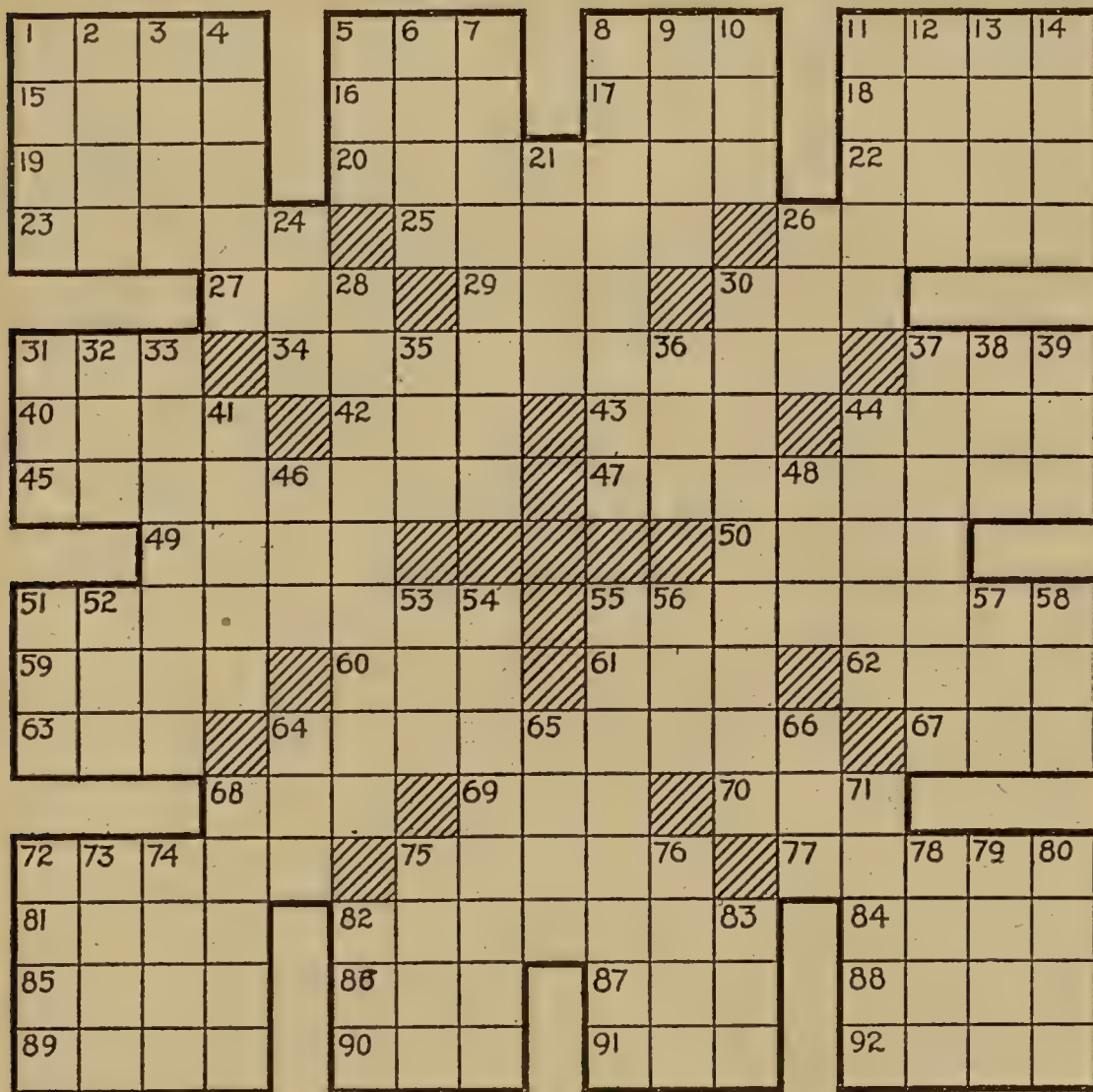
- 68 Depart
- 69 Substance used in brewing
- 72 Cotton fabric
- 74 Conflicts
- 78 Woman's name
- 79 A cereal grain
- 80 Supplies with a complement or crew
- 82 Regret
- 83 Wanderer
- 85 One of the children of Uranus and Gaea (Greek mythology)
- 88 Oar fulcrum
- 90 Eradicate
- 91 An occurrence or happening
- 92 Pointed
- 93 Articles of furniture
- 94 Torn places
- 95 Peruses

VERTICAL

- 1 Unit of weight
- 2 Degrade
- 3 Pigeons
- 4 Woman's name
- 5 Spreads for drying
- 6 Division of a poem (plural)
- 7 One to whom title to property is transferred
- 8 Insect's egg
- 9 To frost
- 10 Discourse
- 11 Multitude
- 12 Craftsmanship
- 13 English writer
- 14 Claw
- 15 Paradise (plural)
- 24 Exist
- 26 Conjunction
- 29 A letter of the Hebrew alphabet
- 31 Pertaining to the cast of a language
- 32 Color shade
- 33 Native of Latvia
- 35 Comprehend
- 37 Conveyance
- 38 Declare
- 39 Ancient language
- 40 Deputy
- 41 Make obdurate
- 43 Fine driving icy particles
- 44 Doctrine; belief
- 45 Irregular, as if eaten away
- 46 Ethereal salt
- 49 Measures of area
- 50 American Indian
- 55 Mode of moving on foot
- 56 Alighted
- 58 Ship's diary
- 61 Attention
- 62 Clamorous
- 64 Towline
- 66 Kind of dog
- 67 Slopes
- 69 Having a mane
- 70 Worship
- 71 Tibetan monks
- 72 Parent
- 73 Type measure
- 75 Scent
- 76 Governed
- 77 Ovules
- 79 Poems
- 81 Outstanding performer
- 84 Inquire
- 86 I have (contraction)
- 87 Cardinal number
- 89 To rouse into quick action

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page sixty-two

Cross Word Fans



HORIZONTAL

- 1 To make a transit
- 5 Viper
- 8 Exactly suitable
- 11 To feel concern or interest
- 15 Instigate
- 16 A primate
- 17 A salutation
- 18 Song
- 19 Form of to be
- 20 Aquatic mammal
- 22 Fastening devices
- 23 Slumber
- 25 Addition or amendment to a document
- 26 Triangular piece used in splitting wood
- 27 Female rabbit
- 29 Cardinal number
- 30 Pronoun
- 31 Man's name
- 34 Determination to do a certain thing
- 37 Exclude
- 40 Part of a ladder
- 42 A metal
- 43 A unit of energy
- 44 Portal
- 45 Most active or capable
- 47 Abandoned
- 49 Trappings
- 50 Warmth
- 51 Characteristic of a progenitor
- 55 Prodigals
- 59 Ardor; dash
- 60 Collection of pieces of information
- 61 Edible seed
- 62 Silkworm
- 63 Kind of light muffin

- 64 Sailors' name for the Windward Islands
- 67 Clandestine seeker of information
- 68 Japanese measure of area
- 69 Nevertheless
- 70 Turf
- 72 Nether world
- 75 Flat and narrow pieces
- 77 Nautical
- 81 Part of a stove
- 82 Minerals of the group which includes rubies
- 84 Narrative
- 85 A fruit
- 86 Craft mentioned in Genesis vi.
- 87 River (Spanish)
- 88 Son of Seth
- 89 Amend and revise
- 90 Color
- 91 Inclosure
- 92 Observes

VERTICAL

- 1 Scrapes with the forefoot
- 2 A son of Adam
- 3 Dry; withered
- 4 Charger
- 5 Old Dutch measure
- 6 Mast
- 7 Repentant
- 8 Protected by letters patent
- 9 State to be true
- 10 Mound
- 11 Sleeveless garments
- 12 Parched with heat
- 13 Circle
- 14 Relief from tension
- 21 City in Arabia
- 24 Article of diet among Hawaiians
- 26 Succeed
- 28 Amuse
- 30 Large casks
- 31 Measures of area
- 32 Total
- 33 Word puzzle
- 35 It is
- 36 Ill temper
- 37 Beats with repeated blows
- 38 Corroded
- 39 A color
- 41 Immature
- 44 A degree
- 46 Color shade
- 48 Even
- 51 Wooden pin
- 52 Beverage
- 53 Woman's name
- 54 Characteristic of a gentlewoman
- 55 Sprinkles
- 56 By
- 57 Tear
- 58 Utter
- 64 Existed
- 65 Estrange from former habits
- 66 Descendant
- 68 Belief
- 71 Fruit (plural)
- 72 Cavity
- 73 Greedy
- 74 Half or partly
- 75 Agile
- 76 A long cut
- 78 Propeller blade
- 79 Plant that yields a drug
- 80 Fewer
- 82 Downcast
- 83 Liquid condiment

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page sixty-two

CROSLEY

New Pentode Output

Variable Mu

SUPERHETERODYNE



\$36.36

Complete With Tubes

The Crosley

NOW your Crosley dealer is ready to show and demonstrate the new Crosley LITLFELLA—5-tube table model SUPERHETERODYNE receiver incorporating big set features yet housed in an exquisite and convenient cabinet of choice veneers 17 inches high and priced sensationally low. Pentode output, variable Mu tube, full floating moving coil dynamic speaker, continuous (stepless) static and tone control, combined volume control and on-off switch, illuminated dial with vernier drive—such features as these make the Crosley LITLFELLA the greatest of all radio values. Only \$36.36 complete.

Crosley also offers a series of 8-tube Push-Pull Pentode Output, Variable Mu SUPERHETERODYNE models ranging from The PLAYBOY, a beautiful compact table model at only \$49.75, complete with tubes, up to a magnificent grandfather electric clock and radio at only \$95.00, complete with tubes. Send for circular L-10

(Western prices slightly higher.)

The Crosley Radio Corporation

POWEL CROSLEY, Jr., President
Home of "the Nation's Station"—WLW
CINCINNATI

YOU'RE THERE WITH A CROSLEY

CROSLEY RADIO



*Li-con-der-oga
a 5-cent investment
that brings
large returns
in writing ease.*

"104 Years of Dixon Service"

JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO.

JERSEY CITY, N. J.

Dixon Pencil Company Ltd., Newmarket, Ont.

Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

It peels off aged skin in fine particles until all defects such as pimples, liver spots, tan and freckles disappear. Skin is then soft, clear, velvety and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. To remove wrinkles quickly use daily one ounce Powdered Saxolite dissolved in one-half pint witch hazel. At all drug stores.



Lawson Robertson, our head coach of Olympic teams since 1924; a team member, 1904-08.



Carl Coan, U. of P. miler. He may defeat the Finns in the 1,500-meter event.



Walter Marty, one of our top running high prospects can do six feet six.

*Interesting Sidelights
Games and a Tribute*

Our Chances in the

By LAWSON

Head coach of the American team

(Reading time: 23 minutes 5 seconds.)

IF you are one of those who think that it is wholly unimportant, as world events are measured, when a lad like Frank Wykoff runs 100 yards in 9.4 seconds or Paul Jessup hurls a discus 169 feet 8 $\frac{7}{8}$ inches, come with me to Los Angeles from July 30 to August 14 next summer and stand with bared head and throbbing heart while the Stars and Stripes are run up and a band plays "Oh, say, can you see"—all because some son of Uncle Sam has defeated the best athletes of the world.

On ordinary occasions athletic contests may not mean a thing to you. But when American lads pool their interests in a test of manhood against the world, it becomes something more than a foot race or an athletic contest; something that stirs the red-white-and-blue blood in your veins.

This is the absorbing universal interest that is attached to the tenth quadrennial Olympic Games to be held in the stadium at Los Angeles from July 30 to August 14 next year. Possessing an international flavor that is denied to American baseball and football, this constitutes the *real* world's series of sports events. It is the high spot of all sport competition.

If there is a man or woman in that Los Angeles stadium next July 30 who fails to thrill as 5,000 of the pick of the world's best young manhood stand in the center of the field with their hands raised and each facing his respective national flag while the Olympic oath is administered to them, that person will have the general internal characteristics of a brass monkey.

Aside from partisan patriotism, it is a distinct step toward world amity to have the pick of the young manhood of the different nations of the world taking the same oath. I have never failed to thrill at that sight, though I have attended every one of the Olympics either as a competitor or as a coach of the American team since the 1906 Olympiad at Athens, Greece.

While there is more than a mere tincture of bunk connected with the theory that the one sure panacea for international tummyaches lies in athletic contests between nations, there is ample evidence of a distinct advance in this direction since the London Olympic Games in 1908.

The English have ever been distinguished for their imperturbability. Therefore, when I tell you that on a day in July, 1908, with the thermometer around 90, 100,000 subjects of the king were thrown into a state verging on hysteria, you may get a faint inkling of the stark drama that was introduced into the London Olympics by a little Italian candy-shop keeper named Dorando Pietri and a

short-legged Irish-American known to the public as Johnny Hayes.

The long Marathon race has always been looked upon as the classic high spot of the Olympic contests. At the London Olympics this long grind started under the ivy of Windsor Castle, and the contestants plodded away in the general direction of the stadium, twenty-six miles away. The heat was terrific.

At the twenty-fifth mile Dorando was leading by a wide margin, but in obtaining this advantage he had run himself blind and dizzy. He turned into the rear entrance of the stadium staggering. Although the couriers and clerks of the course waved him in the right direction, his benumbed faculties appeared unable to grasp their instructions and an official wielder of the megaphone ran out and grabbed him and pushed him along the course.

He wobbled along for about fifty yards, then lay down on the track and went out. Attendants rallied around, medical aid was summoned, and he was given a heart stimulant. On the basis of this "artificial courage" he covered about 100 yards more.

While the hypodermic was being administered to Dorando and he was being pushed and hauled and carried over the course, who should appear at the entrance, jogging along calmly, but Johnny Hayes, the American!

Upon the appearance of Hayes, the wielder of the megaphone and an obese helper picked up what was left of the Italian and carried him over the finish line.

Of course the American Olympic commissioners protested the decision, alleging unfair assistance, and the protest was finally allowed—but the Italian flag remained aloft for two hours while the wrangling and bickering raged.

AT the time, the events that took place at that London Olympiad in 1908 seemed to us who were on the ground to deserve a place beside the historic Boston Tea Party.

To begin with, the English were not in sympathy with our strenuous and intensive methods of training. To them these appeared hardly "sporting." Then the British officials were determined to run the games as they pleased. To this end they refused the American Olympic commissioners, the American coaches and trainers, and anybody except actual competitors, admission to the field.

The bad feeling thus engendered became more marked when the American commissioners discovered to their



Frank Wykoff is faster than ever. He has been clocked in 9.2 for the 100-yard dash.



Paul Jessup of the Washington A. C. holds the world's record for the discus throw.

Previous International American Sportsmanship

Next OLYMPICS

ROBERTSON

pic team since 1924.

horror that the American flag had been omitted from the flags of all nations on the walls of the stadium.

The next move in this "bloodless battle of Wembley" occurred in the parade of nations preceding the sports. Ralph Rose, the American standard bearer, failed to dip the Stars and Stripes before the royal box as a mark of respect to the king. In trying to explain away this breach of etiquette, Rose said he forgot it.

The American cheering section was also a great shock to the assemblage. Nothing like it had ever been heard within the confines of the United Kingdom. Its vociferous demonstrations grated upon British sensibilities.

After the tug of war, when the sulphurous clouds had blown away, the fair flower of amity and good sportsmanship had been bruised and broken beyond repair. The Liverpool police who represented Great Britain were a hand-picked collection of giants. The American team was composed of the biggest and brawniest weight throwers we could muster. John Flanagan, Martin Sheridan, Matt McGrath, Coe, Horr, Dearborn, and Rose were the men upon whom we depended. It never occurred to them that they could lose—until they were informed that they would not be allowed to wear spiked or cleated shoes.

WHEN the Liverpool police appeared on the scene it was found that they were shod in the regulation policemen's iron-heeled and hobnailed boots, which the English officials maintained were neither "spikes" nor "cleats." They proceeded to dig their iron-shod heels into the turf and calmly pulled our giants all over the terrain. The result was another hearty protest.

But the straw that broke the camel's back at this London Olympiad was the disqualification of the American, Carpenter, who won the 400-meter race.

In this 400-meter race, Halswelle, the lone British entry, instead of taking the pole, elected to run around the turn on the outside, thus forcing himself to run many yards farther than if he had been content to drop in behind the Americans and then stake his all on a sprint down the stretch. As the runners reached the apex of the turn, Carpenter and Halswelle collided, and Halswelle skidded over to the extreme outside of the track, while Carpenter came on to win the race.

But no Stars and Stripes was run up the mast on this occasion. After much heated consultation and measuring and inspection of footprints, the judges ruled that the

race should be run over with the American runner repenting his sins on the side lines. The other Americans refused to run again, whereupon Halswelle ran around the track alone and won in a walk-over.

Since 1908 years of international competition have made the governing bodies of sport on both sides of the water more considerate of each other and more appreciative of a mutual spirit of fairness.

IT is in these quadrennial Olympic Games that the patriotism and self-sacrificing spirit of the American athletes come to the surface. At the Olympic Games in Stockholm in 1912 there were four Americans in the final heat of the 800-meter race—Mel Sheppard, Ira Davenport, Heck Edmonson, and Ted Meredith. The most formidable foreign opponent was Hans Braun, who was the German and British half-mile champion. Sheppard was the defending Olympic champion. Meredith, just a schoolboy from Mercersburg Academy at the time, wasn't expected to be a serious contender.

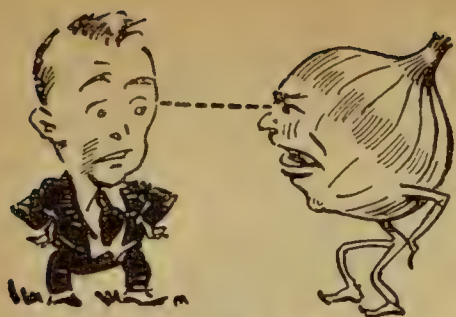
We organized a board of strategy consisting of Sheppard, Meredith, Joe O'Donnell, and myself, to devise ways and means of beating Braun. We finally agreed that Meredith, being a "front runner" who probably couldn't finish in the lead, was to go out in front at the start and set a pace that would take the others to the quarter mile in fifty-four seconds or better, in the hope that this would run the German off his feet and enable Sheppard to come through at the finish. Meredith offered himself as the sacrifice in the interest of success for America.

But somehow our plans went wrong. Sheppard unwittingly beat the gun and got out in front at the start, carrying the pace to the first quarter mile in fifty-two seconds. He heard and could feel some runner right at his elbow, but like a good runner he didn't look around. He afterward said he thought it was Braun. Actually it was Ted Meredith, striving to get into the lead.

The pace was so fast that somebody had to crack, and when Braun challenged, coming into the stretch, it was Meredith who beat off the German and virtually ran him into the ground, passing Sheppard and creating a new world's record for both the 800 meters and the half mile. Sheppard himself beat his old record, and Meredith beat Sheppard. The German champion was so thoroughly beaten that all four Americans finished in front of him.

That 800-meter race at the Stockholm Olympics made Ted Meredith a national hero. There wasn't a heart on this side of the water that didn't thrill at the news that

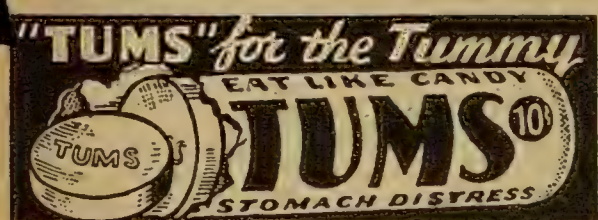
(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)



ONIONS?

I Like 'Em But They Don't Like Me

WHEN onions or any other food disagrees, you can quickly relieve that "gassy" feeling by eating a few Tums—the new delicious Antacid mints that you eat like candy. Tums quickly neutralize excess acids—ending heartburn, acid indigestion, sour stomach, and purifying the breath. So much handier and agreeable to use—just carry a roll in pocket or purse and eat a few after every meal. At all druggists—try them today. Only 10c.



TUMS ARE ANTACID—Not a Laxative
For a laxative, use the safe, dependable Vegetable Laxative
(Nature's Remedy). Only 25c

NR

LIBERTY

—for profitable advertising!

CORNS



PAIN ENDS INSTANTLY!

In one minute Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads rid you of pain from corns and tender toes. They cushion the sore spot and remove the cause—shoe friction and pressure. Their soothing medication is quickly healing. 100% safe. Thin, small, dainty. At all drug and shoe stores.

**Dr. Scholl's
Zino-pads**

Put one on—the pain is gone!

MONEY FOR YOU AT HOME

YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet.
The MENHENITT COMPANY Limited
214 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

[OUR CHANCES IN THE NEXT OLYMPICS]

Continued from page forty-nine

an American schoolboy had beaten the greatest champion that Europe could provide and had broken two world's records in doing it.

Right now other American "Merediths" are pointing toward Los Angeles and the Olympic Games of 1932, and they will continue to do so until next July, when the final tryouts for the selection of the team that will represent America will be held in Soldiers' Field, Chicago.

These lads who will be chosen to represent their country, through a survival of the fittest in the tryouts, started to put themselves in first-class physical condition when they were boys of fourteen to sixteen by following the laws of nature in the matter of diet, regular hours, and healthful exercise.

This will mark the first time the Olympic Games have been held in this country since the St. Louis Exposition in 1904—a stretch of twenty-eight years. And the St. Louis Olympics were marked by a poor quality of international competition. They were also marked, incidentally, by the most flagrant hoax that has ever been perpetrated in the history of these classic events.

Down in Cuba, back in 1904, there was a distance runner, Felix Caravajal by name. He had quite a local reputation. Somewhere, somehow, he had learned of a long race to be held in the interior of *los Estados Unidos*, and he wanted to get into that race. In those days any individual who could pay his expenses could enter and compete.

The first problem that faced Felix Caravajal was the question of money to pay his way to St. Louis. So he did his training in the public square of Havana, plodding around it while a cousin stood at one of the corners holding a tattered old cap in his hand and appealing to the patriotism of the Cuban passer-by.

The cap of the cousin grew heavy with cash, and Felix took passage to this country. And when the gun was fired to start the classic marathon race at the St. Louis Olympics, lo, the dusky son of Cuba led all the rest!

CARAVAJAL was really a good runner, and at the eighteenth mile he had a comfortable lead. He could fairly taste the food at the banquets that would be tendered on his triumphal return to Cuba. Then thoughts of food recalled the fact that in the excitement of getting to the exposition grounds on time he had, with Latin indifference, missed his luncheon altogether. Simple child of nature that he was, Felix stopped at a near-by apple tree and proceeded to reinforce his inner man with several large and very unripe apples.

The rest of the story is sad. One mile farther down the road the pains of cramp laid Felix by the heels.

While this was going on, another runner, one Fred Lorz by name, arrived at the stadium, apparently a win-

ner, and with ease and aplomb dashed across the finish line. He was crowned with the customary laurel wreath of victory in the marathon by Alice Roosevelt, then "sweetheart of the nation." However, it suddenly developed that this idol's feet were of clay.

A truck driver and his helper, delivering goods to the exposition grounds, appeared and exposed the fact that Lorz, somewhere along the route, had jumped on their truck and had traveled the last ten miles of that marathon route in ease and comfort. Coming in sight of the stadium, he had leaped to the ground and, breathing with appropriate emphasis, had dashed into the stadium and over the finish line. Of course, he was disqualified. T. J. Hicks, the next man to finish, was declared the winner in the slowest time that has ever been recorded in the marathon at any Olympiad.

POOR starting has characterized the series of sprint championships in practically every one of the Olympiads. At Stockholm in 1912 there were seventeen false starts before the 100-meter run got under way, and the runners were kept dancing around on the mark with nerves at the snapping point for the best part of an hour. There was no penalty for a "break," and each entry took a crack at beating the gun, hoping that the starter would weary of recalling the runners and let the particular heat in which he had beaten the gun stand as final.

But the funniest incident of all happened at the Athens Olympic Games in 1906, where I was one of the American competitors. There a cadaverous individual in a high silk hat manipulated the starting gun, an ancient muzzle-loading pistol. He explained, in all the languages at his command, the starting formula in vogue in Greece. Having only a vague idea of what it was all about, the runners started when he began to jabber and old Themistocles would fire when he saw we were on our way.

This happened in a final heat in which there were four Americans, a Swede, and an Australian. I was one of the quartet of Americans and had made up my mind to go on the second word of command instead of waiting for the gun, as I was positive if I didn't I would be left standing there alone. So I did—but even at that I was too slow for two of my compatriots, who ran as soon as the starter opened his mouth and as a result were placed first and second in this event.

There is one famous American track athlete and Olympic champion who probably never heard of what happened to Lot's wife. But he knows better than to look back since what happened to him in the 800-meter race at the Athens Olympiad in 1906. This athlete is James D. Lightbody, former University of Chicago runner and winner of three Olympic championships at St. Louis.

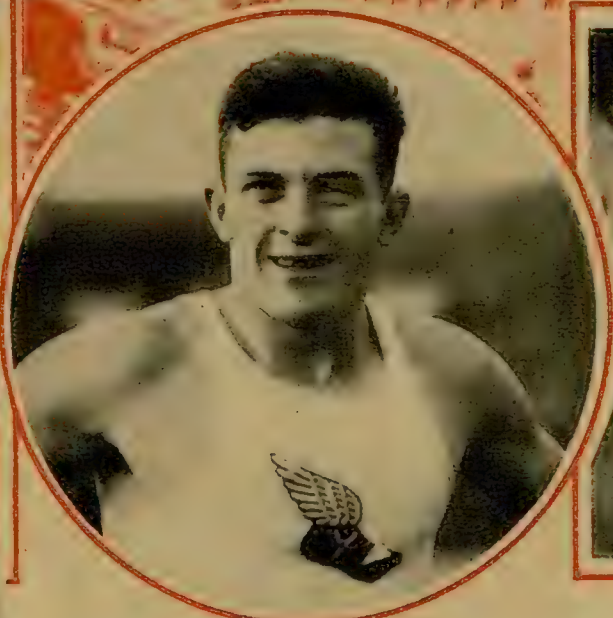
On the American team that went to Athens in 1906 was Paul Pilgrim of the New York Athletic Club. Pilgrim

The broad jumper below is Hamm of Georgia Tech, in the act of breaking the world's record during the 1928 tryouts.

Acme photo

At the left is an airplane view of the stadium in Los Angeles in which most events of the 1932 Olympics will be staged.

Wide World photo



Acme photo

Ray Barbuti, winner of the 400-meter race in the 1928 Olympics at Amsterdam; and at the right, Ted Meredith, America's schoolboy hero in 1916.

Brown Bros. photo

had never won a scratch race of importance nor a championship, but in those days any athlete who had the price and a certain amount of backing could make the trip.

At Athens Pilgrim proceeded to step out and win the 800-meter championship. Here is how he did it.

The 800 meters was one of Lightbody's events, and he was far superior to any other runner in the race. He was leading Pilgrim by ten or more yards coming down the stretch. Having the race apparently all sewed up, he was peering up into the smiling faces of the crowd and almost waving to his friends. He slowed down and looked back over his right shoulder to see if he could see any trace of the other runners in the dim distance.

As Lightbody turned his head over his right shoulder to look back, Paul Pilgrim crowded up on his left, where the Chicago runner was unable to see him, slipped between Lightbody and the pole, and quietly streaked for the finishing tape. Warned by the shouts of his friends, Lightbody turned to see Pilgrim a foot or two ahead of him. He made desperate efforts to overtake the New York Athletic Club runner, but the surprise had broken his form and rhythm, and his best efforts were of no avail.

IN the Los Angeles Olympic Games next summer there will be lacking for the American athletes—and for all other Americans, for that matter—the appeal that comes with an invasion of foreign fields. There is something heartening and soul-stirring about the boy who leaves home and friends behind him to triumph over an opponent in that opponent's own land. I believe it also has a stiffening effect on the competitive spirit of American athletes, and forges bonds of loyalty among them, to feel that they are off by themselves in "the enemy's country"; that they must outstrip all their previous efforts to uphold the honor of their own land on foreign soil.

What American heart can fail to thrill at the story of Tommy Burke of Boston, who went with three others alone to represent America at the first revival of the Olympic Games at Athens, Greece, back in 1896, and won the 100-meter event and the 400 meters and personally

scored more points than most of the nations entered? What American is there who read of the startling all-round performances of Jim Thorpe, the American Indian, at the Stockholm Olympiad in 1912, without himself feeling that the glory of those victories was partly his?

This appeal will be lessened in the case of the Los Angeles Olympics, and it may be the means of materially lessening the competitive spirit of the American athletes, which is invariably stiffened when facing the obstacles presented by a foreign environment. And the greatest asset of the American athlete—which is a part of that red-white-and-blue blood within him—is that competitive spirit that has come down to him as a heritage from his ancestors who pioneered in strange lands.

And America may need this competitive spirit if we are to win any considerable number of first places, for candor compels the confession that, though we amassed the greatest number of team points at Amsterdam in 1928, because of the evenly balanced qualities of the American team, the outstanding individual performers of this most recent Olympiad were from foreign nations.

In 1928 only one American athlete won first place in any running event. This was Ray Barbuti, who won the 400-meter race in 47 $\frac{4}{5}$ seconds, the fastest time ever made in this event at any Olympiad except at the Paris Olympics in 1924, when Eric Liddell of England covered the distance to win first place in 47 $\frac{3}{5}$. The only other first place we won in all the events was when Edward B. Hamm of the Georgia School of Technology won the running broad jump with a leap of 25 feet 4 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches for a new Olympic record.

America hasn't won an Olympic marathon since Johnny Hayes was awarded that disputed decision in 1908—and every one of the foreign marathon winners since has bettered the time that Hayes made. The last time we finished first in the 100-meter race was when Paddock won this event at Antwerp in 1920. At those same Antwerp Olympic games Allan Woodring won the 200-meter race for America and F. F. Loomis the 400-meter hurdles,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[OUR CHANCES IN THE NEXT OLYMPICS]

Continued from page fifty-one

while F. K. Foss won the pole vault for us, R. W. Landon captured the running high jump, P. J. Ryan won the sixteen-pound hammer throw, and Pat McDonald the fifty-six-pound-weight event, giving the American team seven first places.

Then in 1924 began an era in which America had several outstanding individual athletic performers—and it is individual prowess that wins first places. These outstanding individuals were Harold Osborn, DeHart Hubbard, "Bud" Houser, Lee Barnes, Glenn Graham, D. C. Kinsey, F. D. Tootell, and Jackson Scholz. Paddock had also been considered an outstanding entry for the 100-meter event, but he was unable to do himself justice at Paris. Another feature that aided the American team at

Paris in 1924 was the versatility of some of these outstanding individual American athletes. Osborn won the running high jump with a mark that has never been equaled at any Olympic Games—six feet six inches—and also took first place in the decathlon all-round event. "Bud" Houser won first in both the discus throw and the sixteen-pound

shot put. Tootell took first in the sixteen-pound hammer throw. DeHart Hubbard won the running broad jump. Lee Barnes and Glenn Graham—both Americans—tied for first place in the pole vault. F. M. Taylor of the American team took first in the 400-meter hurdles. Kinsey won the 110-meter hurdles. And Jack Scholz took first in the 200-meter race. This gave the American team ten individual first places, in addition to which the American relay teams won first place in both the 400-meter relay race and the 1,600-meter relay. That was sweeping foreign fields with a vengeance.

But at Amsterdam in 1928 we slipped back in the matter of winning first places because of a lack of this outstanding individual quality.

Now, pointing toward Los Angeles for 1932, the pendulum of individual supremacy has again swung back toward American shores, and the Olympic year will find us with a number of outstanding performers who are coming along as the foreign athletes who have been outstanding are slipping backward.

ONLY in the longer distance running events, from 1,500 meters up, in which the Finns have been consistent winners in recent Olympic Games because of their plainer mode of living and the fact that they do considerable walking as a daily habit from early childhood, do we face a possible disadvantage as we turn toward Los Angeles. And on my own squad at University of Pennsylvania I have a young runner who is just arriving at the peak of his ability as a miler, as Nurmi and Larva are slipping backward. This young runner is Carl Coan, who may upset the hopes of the Finns in the 1,500-meter race at Los Angeles.

Coan, running in the "Baxter Mile" on the indoor track at Madison Square Garden on the night of February 16, this year, beat Ray Conger, the national champion, and George Bullwinkle, the intercollegiate champion, running the mile in 4:13. There are only two indoor times faster than Coan turned in in this race. One is the world's record of 4:12 shared by Paavo Nurmi and Joie Ray, and the other is Lloyd Hahn's 4:12.2.

The last time America won the 1,500-meter race at the

Olympics was at London in 1908, when Mel Sheppard defeated the world's best over this distance in 4:32½. (The 1,500 meters, though considered equivalent to our mile race, is 120 yards shorter.) Now, after a stretch of twenty-four years, we turn toward Los Angeles with our hopes of bringing this title back to America revived—and these hopes rest with Carl Coan, Ray Conger of the Illinois Athletic Club, and G. Venzke of the Swedish-American Club.

In the distances above 1,500 meters our prospects are not so bright, as I have mentioned. But in the shorter distances the approach of the Los Angeles Olympics finds America with the only man in the world who has ever run 100 yards in 9½ seconds—a speed that was thought impossible for human legs to accomplish a few years back. This runner is Frank Wykoff of University of Southern

California, who accomplished this unprecedented feat last year, a world's record not yet officially recognized by the International Athletic Federation, but recorded by the National Collegiate Athletic Association.

IN addition to Wykoff for the 100-meter event we have two other sprinters who are almost on even terms with

him. Eddie Tolan, University of Michigan sprinter, has run the 100 yards in 9 5/10, while George Simpson, Ohio State star, equaled Wykoff's startling record of 9½, but used starting blocks, which have since been declared illegal. The sprinters of Europe face an almost impossible task to beat all three of these American lads at Los Angeles.

Simpson has also run the 220 yards in 20¾, and should take the 200-meter event at Los Angeles. He was a competitor for the 1928 Olympic team, but in the semifinal heat of the Boston tryouts he had the misfortune to pull a tendon and was robbed

of his chance to compete for America at Amsterdam. Tolan, the colored flash from Michigan, also runs close to Simpson in the 200 meters.

In the hurdle races I consider America's chances brighter than they have ever been for any previous Olympic Games, our crop of high hurdlers being superior to any I have seen in any pre-Olympic year.

The world's pole-vault record of 14 feet 1½ inches is likely to get a severe jolt at Los Angeles when Fred Sturdy of Los Angeles A. C. and Tom Warne of Northwestern University start rearing themselves up into the Southern California sunshine. Both have done 14 feet.

We will also show a world's record performer in the discus event in Paul Jessup of the Washington A. C., who in August, 1930, hurled the plate 169 feet 8⅞ inches, surpassing the record of 163 feet 8¾ inches, held by Eric Krenz of California.

Paul Jessup is a giant six feet six inches tall and weighing 240 pounds. And back of Jessup we will have Krenz himself.

If any foreign athlete wins the running high jump at Los Angeles he will have to jump higher than six feet six inches, the present Olympic record, as in Anton Burg, Henry Lascellette, and Walter Marty we have three lads who have cleared the bar at that height.

In the hammer-throwing events we will not be up to



Johnny Hayes, the actual marathon winner, with his trophy, just received from the king, at the London Olympics of 1908. Above is Dorando, the Italian, "finishing first" in the same race with assistance that led to his being disqualified. At the right of the picture, striding along beside Dorando and his escorts, is Lawson Robertson of the American team.



our former Olympic standards set by Pat Ryan and Matt McGrath, both of whom have retired. And for the classic all-round decathlon, consisting of ten events, we are far outstripped by the Finns. For the decathlon, Finland will send over A. Jarvinen with a world's record of over 8,200 points, a mark that is only slightly better than that of another Finn, Paavo Yrjola, who won the decathlon at Amsterdam with 8,056 points. Both of these marks are well in excess of our best American record of 7,800 points.

Wykoff has improved constantly in the three years since he competed as a member of the American Olympic team at Amsterdam in 1928. Three times this season in actual competition he has equaled the present recognized world's record of 9.5 seconds; he was repeatedly clocked officially in 9.3. It is hard to conceive how Wykoff, running at home in the Olympics next year, can be beaten.

In the national championships held at Lincoln, Nebraska, on July 4, Percy Beard of the New York Athletic Club, who never before had won a major track event, stepped out and knocked two-tenths of a second off Earl Thomson's world record for the 120-yard high hurdles; and Jesse Mortensen, former University of Southern California track captain, scored 8,177.463 points in the decathlon.

One of the strongest reminders of the high class of competition that will be offered by American athletes in the Olympics at Los Angeles next year is the fact that during the past outdoor season Ted Meredith's world record of 47.4 for the 440, that has stood unmolested for sixteen years, was equaled twice in two weeks—by Ben Eastman of Stanford on May 16, and by Vic Williams of University of Southern California in the finals of the Intercollegiates at Franklin Field on May 30.

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 29

- 1—Oliver Twist, by Charles Dickens.
- 2—The cause of war.
- 3—The moon near the full just after the autumnal equinox.
- 4—Alberta.
- 5—Quiver.
- 6—Jupiter.
- 7—France and Germany.
- 8—Revelations, the last book in the New Testament.
- 9—Ensign.
- 10—Montana.
- 11—The science which treats of the nature, causes, and symptoms of diseases.
- 12—Golf.
- 13—A sacrificial offering.
- 14—One hundred and forty-four.
- 15—Georgia and Florida.
- 16—A magician.
- 17—A rivulet; also a small gully or channel carved by water.
- 18—One that can be crumbled easily.
- 19—Two hundred and thirty-one.
- 20—One who attends faithfully to his duty only when watched.



"Smiling millions told their friends"

MEN by the million tried the shock-absorbing Probak—pronounced it a revelation—told their friends. Boosters everywhere passed the good news along. A contagious smile of shaving satisfaction swept the world. Shock-absorber construction, automatic machine manufacture and absolute uniformity are advantages that make Probak a distinctly better blade. Try Probak on our money-back guarantee. Get quick shaves, smooth as velvet, the finest you ever had—or return the package to your dealer and get your money—\$1 for 10, 50c for 5.



For Gillette
and Probak Razors

PROBAK BLADES

LOST

*A Story of
Flying Death and a
Thrill Builder's Finish*

By
DICK GRACE

(Reading time: 20 minutes 45 seconds.)

THIS is a story of adventure on wings, told by "Red," a member of a squadron of motion-picture stunt flyers. A number of lives were lost in spectacular accidents that were inexplicable until Red overheard the star, Nena Follette, tell Gibson, the squadron's captain, that her director husband, de Forst, would stop at nothing to add camera thrills.

When Red discovered that young Phil Tate had gone up with acid-eaten control wires, he locked the homicidal de Forst in a closet, jumped into a plane, and tried in vain to signal the boy.

PART FOUR—A QUESTION OF KILLING

PHIL'S ship hit. It was absolutely noiseless from where I was. It looked just about like the mess that a seventy-five makes when it strikes. But that thing down there was death. Among the winds from the desert that blew away that dust would be another of the spirits of the Squadron of Death.

People were running like ants.

I dived—slipped, skidded, fish-tailed. When my wheels hit, the brakes went on so suddenly that the prop almost bit the dirt. The switch was cut. We were rolling along at only thirty miles an hour.

I couldn't wait longer. The belt was off. I was on the side—had leaped into the air. The Boeing, motor dead, was rolling down the field pilotless.

When I came to my feet, rubbed the sand out of my teeth and lips, I was halfway to the wreck. Gibson was there. Fritz was there. Both were crying. Fritz had a blowtorch and a steel hacksaw. He was cutting tubes, longerons, motor struts away from the kid.

I rushed up; knelt at the wreck; turned sick at my stomach. His helmet was mashed down over his eyes. He seemed to be faintly moving his arms. Legs a mess.

"There—pull"—and Gibson and I lifted him out. On a stretcher—covered his feet and chest with a leather coat.

Into the hangar; alone with him now. His squadron. Gibson wiping the kid's lips with a wet handkerchief.

Phil was awake, his black eyes lustrously black; shining, dancing.

"Red," he whispered, "Red—the black won! Gimme the uke—finish the song. All good buzzards got wings." He was silent. His face began to pale. His arms quivered. He tried to sit up. "Why, it's Baxter! Baker! And Jackson. Formation flying—all take off together. Why, there I am—white ribbon. My command."

Head dropped; arms limp. Body supple.

Gibson unstrapped his helmet, put it on the fifth peg. Then he went to the door of the hangar. Dusk had fallen. The field beacon had come on and, in its slow sweep, lighted up the junkage that had been a ship and a life.

ON the prairies of the north-central United States I grew up. Spring near the Canadian border brought "flickertails," brought crocuses and buttercups. Brought snakes. One day I stepped on one—a big one—killed it. The part where I stepped caused a whole flock of little snakes to be squeezed out of its two ends. They were alive. I picked them up and stuffed them in my pocket. They were nice and shiny; gave my hand a soft tingling, thrilling sensation. I was about to go away. The old

"PLEASE, for
God's sake,
Gibby! Don't—
don't come any
nearer. I've got
to! I will—I'll
fire!"



SQUADRON

Pictures by CLAYTON KNIGHT

snake's tail was curling. Would until sundown, so I believed. But more. Something was throbbing just back of her head. My foot was raised to grind her into the ground. Curiosity. What was that throbbing thing?

My jackknife was out. I turned the snake over until the yellow scales of her belly were up. They were hard to cut. My fingers reached in and pulled the moving thing out. It was a heart. I knew that. It was one of the first things I'd learned to draw in school. This heart I took out and laid on a piece of buffalo dung, and watched it and watched it. It did not stop pulsating at sundown. I was found sitting by that buffalo chip by a searching party.

Decades later, at San Antonio, Texas, I walked over to the wreckage of a fallen plane. It had held one of my best friends. The man who lay in that airplane had taught me to fly. He was crushed, broken. One arm had completely pierced his body. It had pushed his heart entirely away from him, so that it lay on the broken wing of that ship. And it beat, just as had the other; only it stopped before sundown.

And here was Phil. He had a heart. It was still. It didn't have the power of that snake or of my captain or of me—or of de Forst. His heart had quieted suddenly. As if satisfied to stop. Hearts? We've all got 'em. It was hard for that snake to die. She felt it as much as the captain. Even if Phil was just a lousy stunt man, it hurt him to go.

DE FORST'S heart was beating. It must be pounding extra hard now, hidden away in a corner of his much-raked body. For he knew I knew, and my knowing must surely stop it. There wasn't any other answer. He realized that. It wouldn't be revenge. It would be justice. Nothing cold-blooded about it. Ridding the world of a bad heart is like cleaning up a lot that's been used for a dumping ground. Its absence simplifies life for everyone associated with it.

I had the gun in my pocket. It was loaded. There was one shell that would be empty soon. I wondered how many empty shells de Forst had looked on—how little significance they had held for him. There would be an empty one soon that would mean a lot to him. That little empty container would tell the whole world of a good deed it had done. It wasn't only because of Phil. That just climaxed a series of events. There were Baker, Baxter, Curwood, and all the rest. There were many others living and unconsciously wanting me to do this thing. I was completely, unalterably decided. I'd wait until the captain, Fritz, the Pest, and Phil's body had gone. I'd wait all night, but I'd do it.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



[LOST SQUADRON
Continued from page fifty-five]

The captain was sitting at his desk, elbows on the table, fingers in his hair. He stared at those leather coats from which a pair of boots protruded. I knew what he was thinking. The kid's things had to be gotten together. A letter to write to his mother. The funeral to arrange for. There'd be another picture to hang on the wall.

Old Fritz sat on the tire of 707. His dumb, inexpressive features told nothing. Nobody could read expression through that fat, grease-plastered face. Nothing could alter the furrows on Fritz's forehead. They must have been born with him. Yet he and the youngster had been the pep of the squadron.

The hangar was as still as Forest Lawn Memorial at midnight. The Pest, seated on a box, was fingering the uke. She wasn't sobbing. Her tears dropped down on that hollow music box. Sounded like explosions when they hit. My fingers were clawing at that automatic in my pocket. Sometimes putting on the safety, sometimes taking it off. Wouldn't they ever come for the body? How soon would de Forst be missed? I was somewhat relieved when I saw the troupe disband. Only the morbid hung around.

THE last shafts of daylight had fled out across the Pacific. Dark. I arose and went to the shuttered window; threw open the steel plates; looked at the wreck in the rays of the beacon.

Somewhere outside, Shag, toothless old Airedale, was sending up wails of sorrow. I wondered if he was crying for Phil or for the death of de Forst.

I lifted my head. Far down the road I could hear the screeching of a police siren. Its wild howling wove hysteria into the night. Closer it came until it vibrated through every rafter in the roof of the old hangar. Two headlights pierced the blackness. A red spot flashed against the window. The siren's screech quieted to a low hum. Stopped.

"Open it," said Gibson. "It's the police ambulance."

Before I had a chance to unlatch the lock and slide the heavy door on its rollers there came the imperative knock.

The door rolled back. A sergeant and two flatfeet walked in. One of them I knew. He belonged to the Hollywood division of the automobile squad.

"Got a report that there's been an accident. Somebody injured?" said the sergeant.

"Dead," Gibson pointed to the corpse. They removed the coats and looked at the body.

"I'll say he's dead. Pretty well smacked up—eh?"

"Yeh," said Gibson without emphasis.

"You'll have to come in and give a report on this," said the sergeant.

"Be in after I straighten out things here."

The three police rolled in a small-wheeled, rubber-tired bed-stretcher and lifted Phil on to it. Already the first traces of *rigor mortis* had set in. His legs did not bend much at the knees, as they dropped him on the linen.

They started to cover him with a sheet. Gibson arose. "Wait a minute." He went over and looked at Phil. I knew it would be his last. The cap never went to funerals.

He leaned over the cot. Wasn't a trace of a tear in his eyes.

One of his hands brushed a wavy lock of black hair from the forehead of the kid.

"You've had a flock of bad accidents out here the last six months. Better be careful or we'll have to lay a finger on you." The sergeant.

"I haven't had any accidents," said Gibson. "It's been de Forst and Epic Pictures."

"Well, we give you credit for 'em, anyway," said the sergeant.

"Yeh, I suppose so," Gibson said bitterly. "But here's

one I'm not going to add to the string. I want an investigation."

"Wasn't an accident?" A patrolman.

"Sure it was," I cut in. "The kid lost his controls in a spin at six thousand."

Gibson looked at me with sort of a surprised expression.

"Anyway"—he turned to the police—"I'll have a good strong report to give you."

"O. K." said the sergeant.

Just a dark-red spot where Phil had lain.

Gibson turned to Fritz and me. "You two fellows take a line out to that wreck. Put up four red bulbs. We can't leave that thing in darkness on the center of the field. The air mail lands here at two thirty, you know?"

I didn't want to leave. De Forst, there in the Place, might squawk.

"And listen," said Gibson. "Don't disturb it any more than necessary. If you find where the wires broke, cut a piece from each end and bring them to me."

Fritz got a spool of electric cord; was hunting for bulbs, sockets. I hesitated, trying to find an excuse not to go.

"Get a move on!" said Gibson. "I've got a lot of other things to attend to yet."

I had to go. There was no way out.

It was an hour before the bulbs were lit and we were ready to examine the wreck. There wasn't much expectancy in the job. We knew what had happened. Stuff that could eat the skin off my hand in five minutes certainly would grab into pliable wire in an hour or so. But we were surprised to find that we had to cut parts of cable from all the rear controls. The kid had bumped the ground without either rudder or elevators.

I handled the things mechanically. Fritz was full of questions. I told him the story—as near as I could construct it at the time. As usual his face was a washout, but his small piglike eyes flashed.

"You say he's in there now," he whispered unbelievably.

"Yeh—and he's alive, Fritz."

Fritz looked at me understandingly.

"I'm with you," he said.

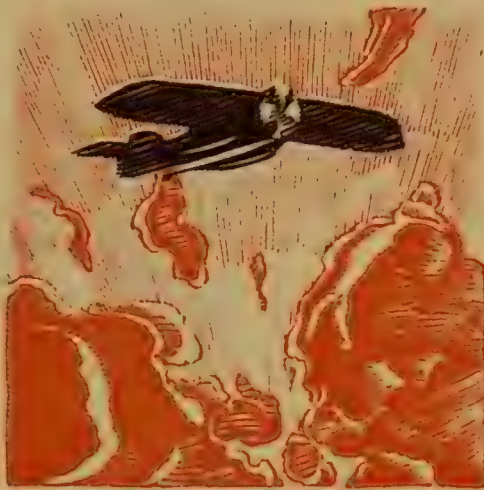
"Like hell you are! This is my job."

"It 'ud be better if he was found with a crushed skull. If you shoot him they'll hook you."

I laughed. "You can't get away with it. It's my job. I'm not ducking any police. I'll tell 'em the whole thing. They can do what they please about it."

"If you need help—"

"Sure. Just keep your trap closed."



WE started for the hangar; had almost rolled the door when I pulled Fritz back.

"... You've got to. I'm boss. What I say goes." It was the captain talking to the Pest.

"I won't," she said stubbornly. "I'm not going to any girls' school—and you doing these things to send me money to keep me there!"

"You'll do as I say, young lady—if I have to get a court order to make you."

"But," she cried, "I can't leave you here! Suppose something happened?"

He laughed bitterly. "It looks as if nothing can happen to me. I'll be flying when I have whiskers down to my knees."

"It might have been you—tonight."

"Wish to God it was," he answered gloomily. "The poor kid didn't get a chance to know what it's all about."

"You can't think much of me—"

"Certainly I do!"

"Gibby"—her voice hesitated—"don't you love me just a little?"

"Here—cut that out. Tonight's no night to talk about those things. Phil's laid out on a slab." Then his voice softened. He must have come close to her, probably placed his hands on her shoulders as he sometimes did.

"I care a lot for you, rabbit-face," he said seriously.

"We'll talk about that in a couple of years. But first I want you to know a little life. After that, when you come back, if—"

"I don't want to be around a flock of girls. I want to be here with you."

"That's out." His voice was determined. "While I've got the money you're going. You're leaving next week. Now go home to your aunt. Get some sleep. It's been a pretty hard day."

"Take me home," she entreated.

"I CAN'T!" he said sharply. "You know that. Get in your whoopee and beat it. Quick now, Give me a ring in the morning early."

He was piloting her toward the door as we showed up. We went in as they went out. Soon we heard the buzz of the starter and the chug of the small engine.

"Drag Gibson away from here as soon as you can," I said. "I've got to be alone for five minutes." I looked at the Place. So did Fritz.

"I'm with you. Wish you'd let me help."

"One's enough in this jam. You can help me by being out. It's a great time now. Nobody on the field at all. Just that dumb night watchman, and he's probably asleep up at the administration office. He—"

Gibson strode into the hangar. There was life in his steps. Yet except for the grimness of his expression you'd have thought his face was of marble.

For the first time that night, the three of us were alone. He took his seat at his desk, fumbled around with a few papers, and then swung around. "Well, out with it!"

"What?" I asked in a surprised voice.

"What—my eye! First you come to me when I'm in the Boeing and warn me. You warned Phil, too. You found his controls tampered with when it was too late. You butted in and cut me off from having the police go after de Forst and his troupe. What's the great big reason? Have *you* any idea who did the dirty work?"

"You don't suspect me, do you?" I flared.

"No. But I've got a funny feeling that you know who did it."

There seemed no way out. I told him the story—told him the whole story, with the exception of me forcing de Forst into the Place. "I'd have told it to you before," I said as I finished, "only you wouldn't give me a chance."

He snorted. "If you had, maybe the kid would have been here now."

"I figured that the safest thing I could do was to look over the controls just before the take-off. I did. How'd I know they'd use acid? Furthermore, that's why I wanted to fly that shot so bad. You didn't stick up for me then, did you? You've no kick coming."

He turned to the telephone. "Faber six-one-one-one," he said to the operator.

Fritz looked startled. My face flushed and my pulse



The bulbs were lit and we were ready to examine the wreck.

quickened. That was the Los Angeles Police Department.

"Listen, Gibson, you can't—"

"You're not involved in this. You've proof that de Forst committed murder . . . Hello. Give me the homicide detail. Hello. I want a couple of men to come out here. . . . Yeh, murder. And listen. Close all the roads leading out of Los Angeles to Frisco and Diego. . . . Hold your shirt and you'll get the names. Try to grab Arthur de —"

I sprang for the telephone. My hand clapped down on the hook.

"Gibson, you can't do that!" I ordered.

He sat there, dumb with surprise. His eyes took on a funny, distrustful look.

"Why not?" he asked in a peculiar voice.

"You can't—because I'm going to kill him."

HE laughed. "By the time you get around to that, your smart boy will be floating down to Mexico City. And he'll stay there until Epic squares this thing for him—frames the Limey."

"He'll never get out of the city," I said positively. "I'm going to kill him tonight."

"You know where he is, then."

I was silent. I was afraid of what Gibson might do to hinder the execution of my plan.

"I've a pretty fair idea," I answered at length.

"Then out with it." It was a command.

"See here, Gibson. The squadron's all washed up. There's only you and me left. There aren't any orders any more. We're quits. The last shot of that picture was my finish here. So don't say, 'Well, out with it,' to me."

"We're fighting for the same thing, only we're doing it differently. I want to kill de Forst. You want to send him to the chair."

"My way won't cost anyone any money, and it's sure."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

LOST SQUADRON
[Continued from page fifty-seven]

Certainly I know where he is—but I'll bet you go a long way before you find out from me."

"It's murder, Red. Lay off. Why get yourself in a jam? He's already framed himself."

"Murder be danged! If that's murder, I hope I never kill another snake."

"You're crazy. Absolutely insane!" And he swore vehemently.

"Sure I am. Goofy. Nuts. Bughouse. So are you. So've we all been. But there's just one in this great big world who's not going to have the same chance as we've had. He'll die sane—and, boy, he'll die hard!"

I was over by the door of the Place. I knew de Forst could hear us. Knew he had probably listened to every word we'd said. I didn't care. I meant it, and he knew it.

"Yeh, everything's got a little something that throbs inside of us. It's like the carburetor on an engine. When you throw sand in a carburetor the engine stops. When you step on a snake the heart stops. I know. Listen, Gibson. I'm going to stop that black heart tonight . . . and if I don't cut it out and watch its last beats, it's because I lost my guts."

The words were vicious. I didn't mean them. Perhaps I'd like to have done just that, but I knew I wouldn't. I said them for effect—the effect that they'd have on that cowering bunch of flesh just behind the door in back of me. I wanted him to bite his finger nails and chew his lips. I wanted him to go so mad he'd make one big rush at me when I opened that door. Then I'd pump. I'd lay all those seven slugs in his filthy body.

I think Gibson was afraid of me. I know Fritz was. I was afraid of myself. I wasn't sane. This thing had gone to my head. Perhaps the dip in the ocean. My eyes weren't normal. I knew that. They were blurred, foggy—as if a film had been hung over them that kept me from seeing or reasoning straight. It was nothing—nothing but my ungovernable temper. The lust of blood for blood. I wanted revenge. I had to have it. I'd get it if it was my last act!

What did I care for courts or juries or prisons? What fear did the chair hold for me? None. I'd do this thing if it was the last of me and of Fritz and of Gibson. Either of them—both of them—couldn't stop me!

I saw Gibson looking down at the drawers in his desk. No; his eyes were focused on one drawer. The drawer that held his private papers. The one that had held his automatic. I hadn't had time to take the key out. That was what he was looking at. Phil had been alive then. I thought I might save him. To relock that drawer and pocket the key would have been a waste of time.

GIBSON saw it. He stared at it for a few seconds. Looked at me. Back to it. His body bent forward. His hand shot out and pulled the knob. He stared intently at the contents. Then closed it slowly, eased back in his chair, and remained silent. His back was to me. I couldn't see his face. I stood there like a whipped school kid. Ashamed. Rebellious.

He turned and faced me. His face was a little bit sallow. I knew what he wanted—what he was going to ask of me. I knew he'd never get what he wanted. It was tough. Here was a man you'd been fighting for for years, a boy who'd been with you in every scrape you could get into. Now was the big break. And the worst of it was, what he was doing was for me—or he thought it was. He was saving me from murder. He thought I wasn't exactly right—that I'd lost my sense of balance.

I knew what I wanted. I wanted it so badly that even

Gibson, who'd paved my way through life, couldn't stop me from getting it. Now we'd split. I could see that in his eyes.

It was the first time I'd ever seen him look like that at me. Those cold gray eyes were like steel. They were steel. Determination. He'd never looked like that when he'd bawled me out before. The nearest I came to seeing him like it was when he got into the cockpit of a ship to crash intentionally. Then he was cold, hard, inhuman. And so now.

"Give me my gun!" he said in a slow, even voice.

"What do you mean—your gun?" I said, stalling for time.

"You heard me. You opened that drawer and took my automatic and a clip."

"So I did, Gibson," I said. "But that gun isn't yours any more."

His face flushed.

"Red! There aren't going to be any words. It's my property and I want it—badly."

"Yeh. All you want to do is to save the rat's insides. His glass is going to bust. I'm busting it."

"Not with my property you aren't."

"It's not yours," I said. "And just to prove it, there you are."

I took out my bill fold and threw it at him. It landed at his feet.

"LOOK in it," I said. "There's sixty bucks. Go and buy yourself a new one."

"I'm only saving you trouble—"

"I know that old line. You'll turn de Forst over to the police. Sure! And then what'll happen? He'll go to jail for a couple of days and be out on bond. Through our damn system of courts the case is put off until the public is sick of

headlines. Epic Pictures and de Forst chip in and hand a line of golden persuasion here and there, and that's all there is to it. They'll either forget to prosecute or will lay down on the job. Sure, you and our crooked politicians.

"Gibson, there's no justice in courts. You can't convict a millionaire. They couldn't find the murderer of William Desmond Taylor, could they? They had more on those people than they'll ever get on de Forst.

"The Limey will lie to save his neck. De Forst will back him up. All we'll be are a couple of cranks. Just a couple of lousy stunt men—a little above an extra, a little below a moron."

"That's your insanity," snapped Gibson. "I want my gun and I'm coming after it!"

He arose from the chair.

His hands clenched and opened nervously, but his eyes never blinked.

"So help me God, Gibson, stand where you are!" I drew the gun from my pocket and pointed it straight at his heart.

My other hand was fumbling for the key to the Place. Found it. Clutched it in my nervous fingers.

I moved over close to the lock.

One little pressure and I'd be the last of that Squadron of Death.

The key was there. In place. My fingers sought the end, and the rusty lock groaned as it opened. Turned the knob.

"Stand where you are, Gibson. I'll shoot to kill!" I yelled.

"Don't brag—shoot!" he shouted back, walking toward me with a slow, steady step.

"Please, for God's sake, Gibby! Don't—don't come any nearer. I've got to! I will—I'll fire!"

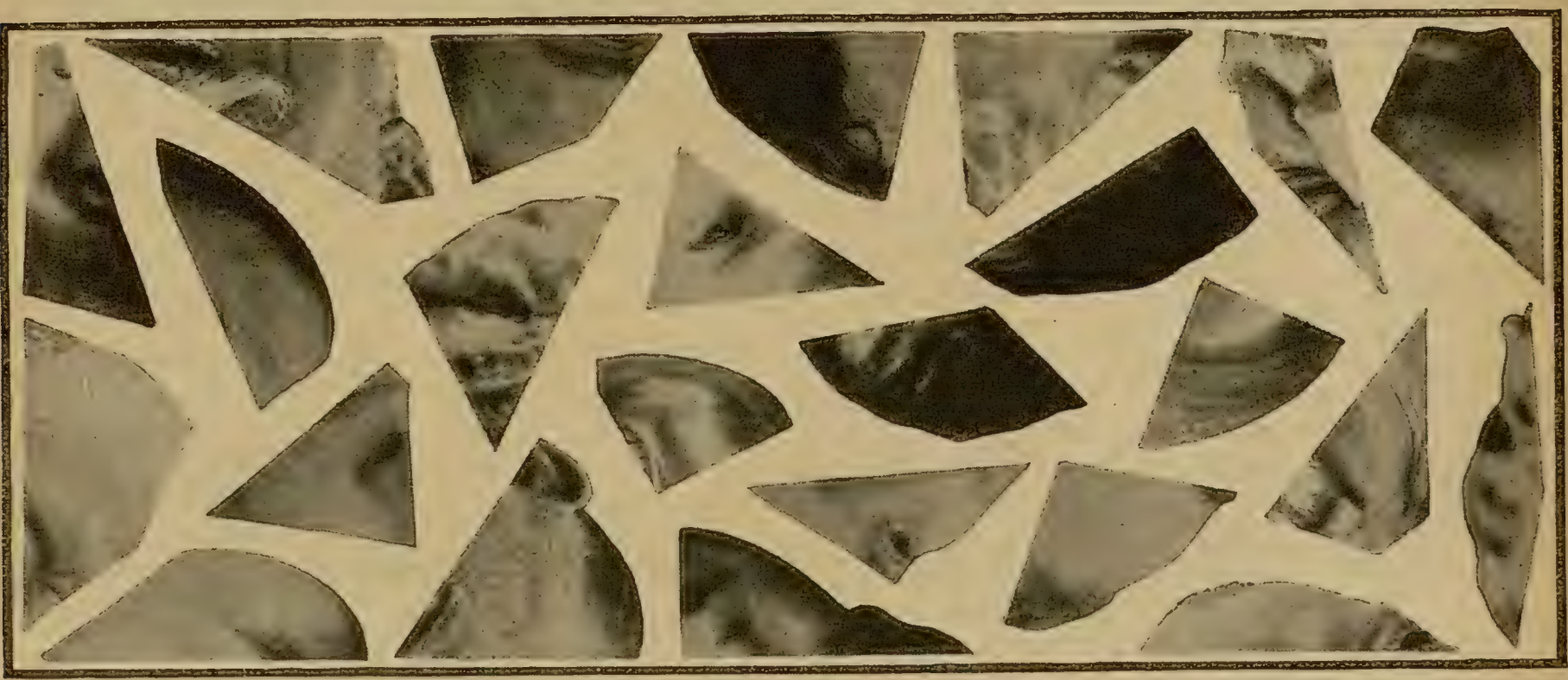
Gibson's life hangs by a hair. But, in the struggle that impends, de Forst, instead of Gibson, may be killed. Next week you'll learn who dies and who lives.



Are You In On This?

\$5,000 CASH PRIZE

JIG-SAW CONTEST



ARE you in on this? Are you shooting for one of the big cash awards that will be paid to Liberty's readers as a result of this contest? Get into the game. You can't win if you neglect to enter. If you do enter, your chance to win one of the big awards is just as excellent as that of any other contestant. It's a fair field and no favors. The game? Simple. Cut out the pieces of the puzzle printed above and paste them together into the portraits of three prominent persons. Then, if you have not solved the five preceding puzzles, send a note to JIG-SAW, LIBERTY WEEKLY, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y., and they will be sent to you gratis by return mail. Save your solutions until you have the complete set of thirty portraits. Then send them in accompanied by a letter as instructed in the rules.

Read the cash prize schedule above! Enter today! This is the last chance to get late entry puzzles. Act now, while you have it in mind. You may win the \$1,000 first prize. To help you get started, we have included the three faces used in creating the above puzzle among the six small photographs printed below.

CASH PRIZE SCHEDULE		
First Prize	\$1,000	
Second Prize	500	
Third Prize	100	
8 Fourth Prizes, each \$50, total	400	
300 Fifth Prizes, each \$10, total	3,000	
—		
311 Prizes	Total	\$5,000

The RULES

- 1—Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish a jig-saw puzzle comprised of the pictures of people who have been, or now are, prominent in the news of the day and whose pictures are frequently seen in newspapers, magazines, and elsewhere.
- 2—Each week's puzzle when cut apart and correctly assembled will result in three separate and complete pictures.
- 3—Write plainly, or print, the name of the person it portrays below each picture.
- 4—Save all solutions until you have a complete set of thirty pictures identified.
- 5—Then write one letter of not more than seventy-five words, by which each entry must be accompanied, telling "What I most admire about the character of one of the persons I have identified in this contest."
- 6—You need not purchase Liberty nor cut out the printed puzzles in order to compete. You may trace the puzzles from the magazine and assemble your solutions from the copies you have made. Liberty may be examined at any of its offices or at public libraries free of charge.
- 7—When you have your complete set of thirty pictures identified, attach your seventy-five-word letter and send by first-class mail to JIG-SAW, LIBERTY WEEKLY, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
- 8—All entries must be received before the close of business Friday, November 27, 1931.
- 9—For the set of solutions most nearly correct accompanied by the best letter Liberty will award \$1,000; for the next best, \$500; for the next best, \$100, etc., according to the accompanying cash prize schedule.
- 10—The judges will be appointed by Liberty Magazine. By entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. No entries can be returned nor can we enter into any correspondence relative thereto. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.
- 11—Announcement of awards will be made in the earliest issue of Liberty Magazine compatible with careful and accurate judging.



PUZZLE NO. 7 OF THIS SERIES WILL APPEAR NEXT WEEK!



To the Ladies!

By

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, traveler, lecturer, and authority on fashion.



(Reading time: 5 minutes 30 seconds.)

WHEN you see an eagle-eyed man stand on a busy street corner counting women pedestrians, you can say to yourself, "Aha! There may soon be a new five-and-ten store around here." For most of the nickels and dimes taken in by the millions, billions, and trillions come from us girls. So the five-and-ten stores go where we go.

I've been talking about our nickels and dimes with Hubert T. Parson, president of the F. W. Woolworth Company. Mr. Parson wore a rare white orchid in his buttonhole, a sapphire pin in his necktie, a sapphire ring on his hand. Nearly forty years in the business, still at his desk every day from nine to five, he told me some shrewd things about the changing tides of our feminine spending.



Hubert T. Parson

"There has been a tremendous advance," he said, "in national taste. People used to buy the same things year in, year out. Nowadays they experiment more. They try new things. They have more money, of course, than they had in the old

days. But they also have better taste. And more curiosity about merchandise. They buy and learn."

I was certainly impressed by the room, on the twenty-fourth floor of the Woolworth Tower in New York, where I found Mr. Parson. This room used to be the private sanctum of the late F. W. Woolworth, merchant Napoleon who founded the empire of the five-and-ten.

I call him "merchant Napoleon" with good reason, for this private office Mr. Woolworth contrived for himself is an exact reproduction, complete in every detail, of Napoleon Bonaparte's study in the French palace at Compiègne!

The builder of the Woolworth business was a lifelong admirer of Napoleon.

FEW people regard advancing age with kindness.

Age appears as a menace creeping slowly toward us and our loved ones. Yet age can be a blessed salvation under certain circumstances. I know one case in which it was. For years the man of the family was an habitual drunkard. He made life hideous for everyone at home. His wife was an old-fashioned woman. Patience, she believed, was her sacred duty, prayer her only hope. They lived that way for twenty terrible years.

Then her husband suddenly reformed. He stopped drinking two years ago when he was fifty-four. Since then they have been a happy family—happy as can be.

Without belittling the power of patience, without doubting the faith that moves mountains, can't we give age some credit too? The man grew older and the wildness went out of him. Nature is pretty good at cures like that.

THERE are times when every mother needs a good strong catch-as-catch-can sense of humor. I know a certain mother who needed one very urgently one day this summer.

The emergency arose when her small son developed a sudden ambition to earn money by his own effort. He yearned to conduct a soft-drink stand for the patronage of passing motorists. Delighted by this evidence of the merchant instinct in his offspring, the boy's rich father set him up in business not far from the family mansion. To keep a fond eye on her child, mamma surveyed his

enterprise at frequent intervals from an upstairs window. From the very start she was surprised to see how many people stopped to buy drinks. Her astonishment grew when she realized that *every* car stopped—without exception! True, the weather was hot, but not hot enough to account for such a public thirst. Curiosity got the best of her. Out she sailed to investigate.

The explanation struck her full in the face when she beheld the front of her little boy's drink stand. With a sure advertising touch for one so young, he had painted the following legend upon his emporium:

MA IS HOT BUT I'VE GOT POP ON ICE

I regret to add that her sense of humor was not up to the test. Sonny went out of business then and there.

THESE light-weight woolen dresses everyone is wearing can be made to look interestingly different. Any woman can do the trick herself in a couple of hours.

I have just seen it done by a friend of mine who makes up in taste what she lacks in cash. She bought two ready-mades, one for eight dollars, the other for twelve-fifty. With very little labor she has transformed them into the most exclusive-looking models. The eight-dollar dress—a black wool-crêpe with wide revers—had a green and orange scarf attached. As was, it looked very ordinary. But this is what my friend did with it:

Off came the scarf. She marked a half-inch lattice-work pattern (as easy as anything to do) all over the revers, and embroidered in the design with bright green worsted, working a thick border of this around the edges of the revers. Another band of green lattice just above the sleeve puffs—a green line embroidered along the center of the dress belt. Finally the green part of the scarf became a little cross-over vestee. Presto! my friend's exclusive model was complete!

Her twelve-fifty ready-made presented a harder problem. It was a dark green wool with beige trimmings. After some experimenting she edged the beige yoke with a bold border of black, green, and wine-red worsted in uneven blanket stitches varying from one-eighth inch to one inch. On the beige parts of the dress she scattered small embroidered green squares.

Both frocks came out looking extremely smart, original, and professional. Three balls of worsted and four hours' work. Not much trouble, was it?

OYSTERS are so popular in my household that I always hail with joy the return of the oyster season. They can be served in such a variety of ways at luncheon, dinner, or small evening bridge suppers. Here's a light oyster snack that goes well at an evening party; it's a quick one, too—can be dished up in no time if you have everything ready beforehand:

First have your oysters bearded (that ridiculous term means trimming off their outside edges). Drain them thoroughly. For each oyster provide a small round of ham, 1½ inches diameter. Have the same number of bread rounds lightly toasted. Place the ham on the toast disks, and crown each with an oyster. Salt very sparingly, sprinkle even more sparingly with cayenne. Put a tiny dab of butter on the tiptop. Bake 3 minutes in a hot oven. Serve immediately on a platter covered with a folded napkin.

CALL HER SAVAGE, by Tiffany Thayer (Claude Kendall), is about a Venus from the West with Red Indian blood in her veins. Her untamed adventures make good reading.



Those little heads and things that you see bobbing up and down are my own.

Around the World *with the* GYPSY JOCKEY

(Reading time:
6 min. 10 sec.)

By ROBERT BENCHLEY

Pictures by HERBERT F. ROESE

OUR movietone
globe-trotting
this week will

take us to far-off Gukla, where the exotic odors of the East mingle with the sound of temple bells and bits of old string to blend into one bewitching symphony, a never-to-be-forgotten idyl in the memory of the traveler

from the West. And
two dozen of your best
eggs.

As in our former
travelogues, we shall be

conducted by a man who, because of his romantic wanderings in and out of all the lands of the earth, as well as upstairs in grandma's house, has become known as "The

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-ONE]

Gypsy Jockey." I need hardly introduce to you, therefore, Colonel Michington Mea, "The Gypsy Jockey," who will conduct you through the movietone to far-off Gukla where (see first paragraph).

Well, my dear cinema audience, here we are at the ends of the earth, or, at any rate, one end. This first shot shows us paddling up the West Okash River on our way to far-off Gukla, and those little heads and things that you see bobbing up and down in the water are my own little heads and things that I had just discarded after a night of drinking the native punch or Kewa—and I think that you would agree with me that "punch" is just the word for it. Rather a distressing sight, isn't it? I don't know which was the more distressing, the heads I discarded or the one I kept on my shoulders. None of them was in the least satisfactory.

Now we are coming to the bend in the river from which we may see a vista of Gukla, with its toylike pagodas and strange monuments to unknown deities. Truly a wonderful sight, unless, by chance, we happen to be looking in quite the wrong direction. Gukla is a city which is many hundreds of years old and is built entirely on bamboo piles above the water. Perhaps you will wonder why, when the town was built, it was not built on the dry land along the river bank instead of on poles in the water. The natives themselves often wonder that, too, but it is too late now to do anything about it.

Here we are, landing at Gukla, and you will notice the hundreds of natives who have come down to the landing to watch us. What funny costumes! (I am referring to our costumes and not those of the natives, who, as you will see if you are not skittish about such matters, wear no costumes at all.) That little old man who is waving something at us is an uncle merchant trying to sell us his uncle. There is a great deal of trading in uncles in Gukla, although this particular year the market was unusually small, owing to the unparalleled hoarding on the part of the aunts.

And now we climb the road from the river bank to the top of an old hill where stands this perfect example of a Gukla temple, built in the Fourth Century After Krinjka—everything here is dated as before or after Krinjka, the God of Summer Squash—which would make it the third century before the Reign of the Butterfly Cocoon, or about 1896 in our language.

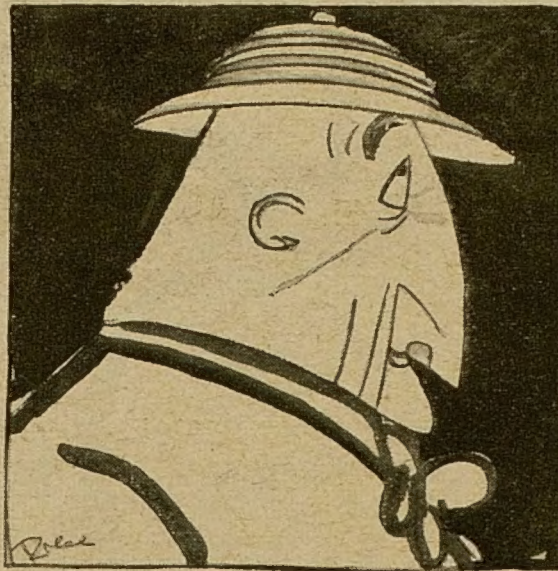
As you will see, it is a perfect example of 1896 architecture, with French roofs and lace curtains and a cast-iron dog on the lawn. The only flaw in this temple, as a show piece, is that it was built indoors in the contractor's workshop, with the result that, when it was moved out to its present site, the top had to be tipped slightly to the left in order to get it out through the door. It is still, however, pretty ugly.

There is a legend about this temple, which I resolved to investigate and, if possible, to photograph for my movietone travelogue. According to the story which the more intoxicated of the natives tell each other, there was once a princess named Mah Patoola who lived here, dedicated to the service of Krinjka. This meant that all the days of her life she had to sit at an upstairs window and look out at the river below, making believe that she expected to see a lover come paddling by in a canoe. This made it very dull for the princess, for she knew as well as anyone else that there was no lover and that

it was doubtful if there was even a canoe. For the sake of the legend, however, she had to sit and look sad and every once in a while lean out of the window a little farther and mutter, "Where the hell can he be?"

Naturally, this got on the princess' nerves after ten or eleven years and one night she leaned so far out that her feet touched a trellis which ran from her window to the ground and, after three or four minutes of catching her skirt on nails and getting vines tangled around her neck, she was on the river's bank and off to town.

She never returned, and it is generally supposed among the natives that she was seized by remorse and came back to the cellar of the temple, where she still roams at night. There is another story, however, which has it that she met a boy from the U. S. S. North Dakota in the town that night and went with him to Bridgeport, Connecticut, where she still is living and running a doily shop.



Colonel Michington Mea

What was that at my right? I stopped short and had the cameras brought up. The sound of a woman sobbing! Fortunately the microphones were in good shape and our soundman said, "O. K." Gripping my revolver in one hand (for there is nothing more dangerous or treacherous than a sobbing princess), I pushed aside the debris and peered into the darkness from whence the sound came.

My native runners had all deserted me, for this was sacrilege that I was engaging in, and the penalty for sacrilege was fifteen minutes on the *suttee*, or funeral pyre. The *suttee* is usually reserved for widows, but, in the case of any one who had committed a sacrilege, a widow is moved over to make room and the culprit is given his fifteen minutes' penalty. After that he can get off or stay on, as he likes.

But I am getting away from my story, and here we are, all set with cameras and sound machines in the cellar of the Temple of Krinjka, with me looking everywhere for a sobbing princess. That is me—or is it I?—over there in the shadows stumbling—no, up again!—falling—no, by George!—by great good luck catching myself on an assistant director—here we go—what do you suppose we are going to find?—is this exciting or isn't it?—and now we come to the place where the sound is—and find—what is this?—well, of all things!—three of the cutest kittens you ever saw, with the old mother cat as proud as Punch and ready to give battle to anyone who disturbs her young ones in their play. Never mind, Pussy, we aren't going to hurt you—off with the lights!—cut! And here we are, out again in God's sunshine, none the worse for our exciting adventure.

And now we come to the last reel of our little travelogue, just as we are about to take the boats again and drift down the river to—who knows where? The sun is sinking over there behind the temple towers and from the river bank comes the tinkle of old peasants grinding their teeth. What a beautiful sight! What a punk picture! The spell of the East!

Will it ever release us from its thralldom? Who knows? Who cares?

Some further observations by Mr. Benchley will appear in an early issue.

CADET	CANIS	HARTE
ABOVE	ALICE	OREAD
RAVED	NITER	STALE
ASE	SATE	MOT
TEST	MONITOR	LENS
AS	SEDAN	BE
SLAVES	EIN	SUTTEE
TAG	ETA	O
ATE	EREMITE	NOT
TINGLES	A	EEL
ENTAIL	ETC	TOTTER
IT	SAILS	GO
MALT	PERCALE	WARS
ADA	OAT	MANS
NOMAD	TITAN	THOLE
ERASE	EVENT	AIMED
DESKS	RENTS	READS

Answer to the puzzle
on page 46

PASS	ASP	PAT	CARE
ABET	AVE	AVE	ARIA
WERE	MANATEE	PINS	
SLEEP	RIDER	WEDGE	
DOE	TEN	HIS	
ASA	INTENTION	BAR	
RUNG	TIN	ERG	GATE
SMARTEST	DESERTED		
GEAR	HEAT		
PARENTAL	SPENDERS		
ELAN	ANA	PEA	ERIA
GEM	WINDWARDS	SPY	
TAN	YET	SOD	
HADES	SLATS	NAVAL	
OVEN	SPINELS	TALE	
LIME	ARK	RIO	ENOS
EDIT	DYE	STY	SEES

Answer to the puzzle
on page 47

**Do you
CHAIN-SMOKE
INTO
THE "WEE SMA"
HOURS?**

**Keep that
Clean Taste
with
Cooler Smoke!**

When home-work keeps you busy far into the night, don't you often light a fresh cigarette on the butt of the old one? There's no better time to try Spud's cooler smoke and cleaner taste... you've earned it! It doesn't matter how long or how concentrated your work-and-smoke session may be... Spuds always leave your mouth moist cool and comfortably clean. Occasional smoker or 2-pack-a-day smoker... you'll find Spud's lusty, cool tobacco flavor keeps you "mouth-happy" and gives you that "grand new freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment." Try Spud and see for yourself.



SPUD
MENTHOL-COOLED
CIGARETTES

20 FOR 20c (U.S.)... 20 FOR 30c (CANADA)

MASSAGE - IPANA

will firm those flabby gums!



NO MORE

pink

TOOTH BRUSH

YOUR gums are logy and dull? No surprise in that! They get no exercise . . . There's a tinge of "pink" upon your tooth brush? No wonder, for the food you eat and the hasty way you eat it give no stimulation at all . . .

Small wonder, then, that with modern foods and hurried eating, your gums grow lazier and lazier and that, at last, "pink tooth brush" is, for you, a fact!

Talk to your dentist first. Probably he'll answer you like this, for this is the summary of the best dental opinion.

"Weak gums are the result of hasty eating and soft foods. Like all modern people of 1931, you have little choice in

the matter of diet. You eat—and have eaten for years—easy-going foods that rob your gums of the exercise they need for healthy hardness. Sooner or later you'll probably discover 'pink tooth brush'! Don't get panicky about it, but don't neglect that touch of 'pink' on your tooth brush!

"True, you can probably clear it up with massage and a good agent like Ipana. But if you ignore it, many serious troubles—such as gingivitis, Vincent's disease, and the happily much rarer pyorrhea—can follow in its train.

"And 'pink tooth brush'—neglected too long—can lead to a loss of lustre of

the teeth, and an infection at their roots. And *that* threatens teeth which today are sound and white."

Get Ipana, clean your teeth with it in the regular way. Then, after you've done that, put a little bit of fresh Ipana on your brush and massage those lazy, inactive gums of yours. Wake them up! Give them the stimulation that modern food fails to provide. Firm their walls, increase their resistance.

Keep on, for 30 days, using Ipana and massage . . . Your teeth will be brilliantly white, your gums firm and healthy. And you'll see mighty little of "pink tooth brush" in the future.



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. AB-101
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name

Street

City..... State.....